

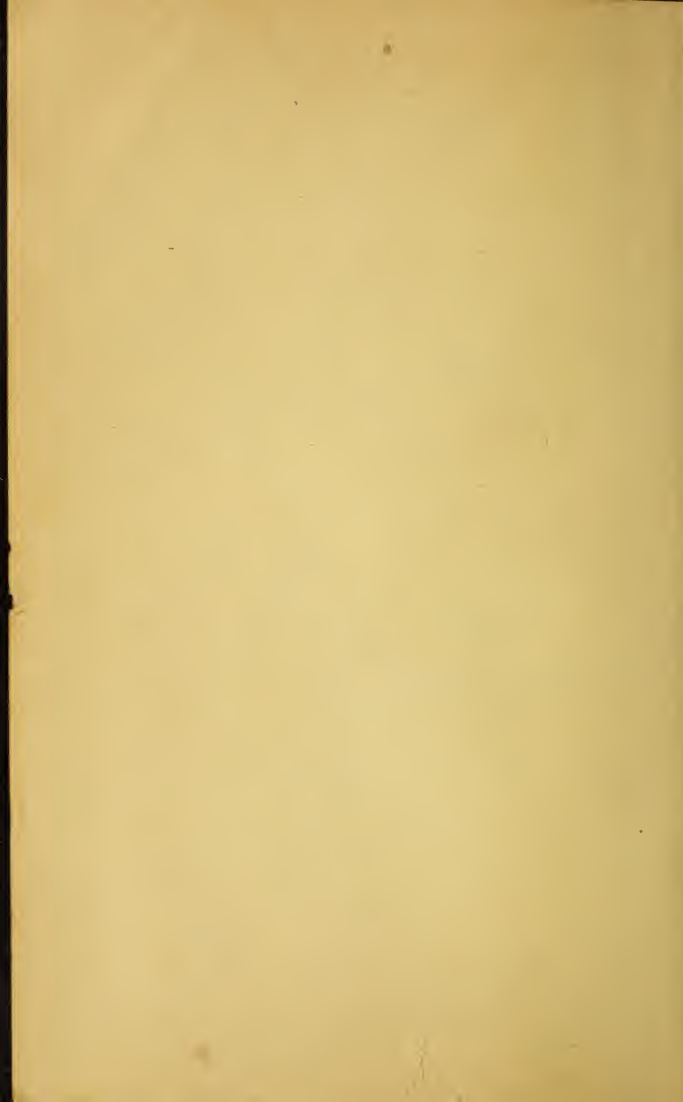
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H Y M N S

OF

SPIRITUAL DEVOTION

BY

✓
✓
THOMAS L. HARRIS.

PARTS I. AND II.

“And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.”

New-York:

NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

447 BROOME STREET.

1858.

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P R E F A C E .

A PECULIAR result of the Christian Religion, attesting its high claim, and proving its excellence as the very "crown of all humanity," is found in its ability to enrich the literature of every people with the loftiest lyrical inspirations. Christianity alone can lead the spirit, through all the sevenfold stages of its regeneration, into a new heart-consciousness of perfect love. Without Christianity there is no Poetry, in a celestial and absolute sense ; for Poetry is the song of life ; and life is truly real only as it is Christian, and so Divine. Poetry is a native flower of the Heavens. The language of the skies is lyrical. There thoughts are things ; and the conceptions of the mind start before the vision into objective loveliness.

The body of speech is prose, but the soul is poetry. In life's tenderest and holiest hours, when thought is transfigured in the light of great affections, speech rises into immeasured song. The highest inspiration is melody. In the beginning, the Prophet and the Bard were identical. The Greeks, who preserved even in the midst of sensuous degradation, the fragments of the literature of the most remote antiquity, religiously believed that the Celestial Muses descended to breathe in harmony upon the slumbering soul. They thought as well, that pure and noble natures alone could thrill to this divine fire, and scatter through the world its glowing embers.

The Poets of the world, even in hours of utmost materialism and ignorance, have proved themselves the bearers of a Spiritual Message. They have, for the most part, sorrowed more deeply, suffered more acutely, than any other class of men. For the Poet inherits into the feminine nature. Through love he receives the gift of

song; through love also, the power to take unto himself the very agony of the world's grief, and so, in some finite sense, to bear the sorrows of mankind.

Poetry in every era, however, has been degraded from its high and holy origin; and strains, designed to lift the spirit in faith and holy love to the very gates of Heaven, have been employed in the service of the basest lusts. Alas, for the world, when the Poet forgets his mission! Then idolatry triumphs, and the intuitions of the Angel are prostrated before the instincts of the brute.

It is impossible for the Poet to sing the praise of any perverted form of the Christian Religion,—impossible for him to sing against religion.—without losing, in some degree, the power of a complete lyrical expression. It is equally impossible for the Poet to become materialized, either in feeling or in conduct, without, as it were, loading his soul's wings with leaden fetters; for man can only sing grandly and sweetly when the divine three—the Love of Truth, and the Love of Good, and the Love of Uses—have made his heart their home, and his voice their instrument.

The modern theory which makes Poetry a polite accomplishment, reserved for the man of culture and elegant leisure, is worthy only of a period of mental and moral superficialism. Who instructs the skylark in the notes of the musical scale? And who whispers the secret of song in the ear of the nightingale? Who taught the Ayrshire peasant his unpremeditated art, and woke with the songs of Burns the rugged breast of Caledonia? It is true that a plane is formed in the mind through culture, by which the Poet is enabled to clothe his thought with fitting harmonies of external speech. The Poet is the man of culture by the very make and tendency of his gift. But that culture is natural, not artificial. Any may write polished rhymes who will master the mechanical difficulties of composition; but these are artificial flowers; the native aroma of the skies dwells not in their elaborate and curious chalices. The true Poet is the man who sings, because that is the God-given method through which his soul finds utterance. The language is but a secondary consideration. Mere prettiness of dialect has no part in the thought of a true Poet. He snatches up words wherewith to fling abroad his thoughts, as the watcher upon a cliff, above the ocean, heaps material to feed his beacon-light. He cares only for

the material, as it shall yield itself readily to the brightness of the flame.

I have tried in my preceding books to be true to Poetry's primeval and universal law. I have sung of Angels; and of planets, the abodes of glorious harmonic nations; I have sung of the Immortal World; I have told the story of celestial pilgrimages; I have dared to utter man's unexpressed desire for a golden life of conjugal love in the serene eternity; I have praised the Lord, and told how he is worshiped by all the Angels,—because I have felt, seen, heard, experienced and entered into the spirit of the inner life. In seeking the ideal, I have found the absolute actual. With growing years, with clearer insight, with a stronger grasp of fact, I doubt not that still more worthily I shall fulfil the task which is given me to do. I aim to combine the functions of the Priest and the Poet. My conception of the priesthood is that of a class of men who are led in all things by the Divine Love; who meekly obey the Divine Voice speaking through the Word; who eschew the fantasies of a self-derived intelligence, and who labor so to unfold the interior truth of the Scriptures, as to inspire in the human spirit, love for its truths; love for the life of the beautiful heroism, self-sacrifice, and trust, which those truths collectively should outwork through the soul-affections. I am endeavoring to ultimate, in all that I write and do and say, the ideal of the Poet-priest. The book to which you are now invited, is a collection of hymns designed to present Christianity as an unsectarian and universal faith—the all in all of goodness and truth and beauty—the One Religion of universal manhood, in its supreme domains of the Celestial World. Of this thing I am sure, that though, as to external expression these hymns may seem open to criticism, they truly teach the faith of Angels, and so are worthy to be sung in the Christian Church. They are not my own, except in a limited and mediatorial sense. The reader will recognize in them unmistakable traces of the writers of hymns who have preceded me. Especially will he find the child-like faith of Charles Wesley, the plaintive tenderness of William Cowper, the force of Isaac Watts, the lofty enthusiasm and fervor of James Montgomery. These bards, or at least departed spirits, whom I recognize as such, took an active part, at intervals, in the preparation of the volume. It is adapted to be sung. It contains hymns answering the heart-wants of this living age. More than any compilation extant, it is

designed for the sick-room and for the departing, for the aged, and for those called to the loneliness that follows the transition of dear and cherished ones to the better life. Many of the hymns were verbally communicated by individual Spirits. All of them, so far as their essence is concerned, were the result of the presence and direct influence of the Angels of the Lord's Church in Heaven.

They have been dictated, with four or five exceptions, during the past autumn and winter. They are hardy flowers, and they will not fade. I write frankly concerning them, and concerning my own poetic gift, because I recognize the truth that no personal diffidence should restrain the receiver of interior treasures from setting forth his own convictions of their origin and value.

T. L. H.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1857.

HYMNS OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION.

1.—UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

L. M.

- 1 "FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :"
From caverns dim and temples old
The Church to Heaven its prayer hath rolled.
- 2 "Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue ;"
Thy Church, O Lord ! hath mourned to Thee,
From darkness and captivity.
- 3 But now the glorious dawn appears ;
She reaps in smiles who sowed in tears ;
And from the earth, as from the skies,
Shall the Creator's praise arise.

- 4 Triumphant Zion lift thy voice ;
Bid all the world with Heaven rejoice ;
Till " the Redeemer's name is sung
Through every land by every tongue."
- 5 Break forth, O Spirit of the Word !
Proclaim that Jesus is the Lord.
His praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sin and death are found no more.
-

2.—THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

C. M.

- 1 There is a glorious Church above,
And, in its holy aisles,
Upon the children of His love
The Lord of Glory smiles.
- 2 All of His inmost life partake,
And taste His truth divine ;
This is the sacred bread they break,
And this the living wine.
- 3 Upon those homes of happy rest
No shadows ever fall,
For Christ is throned in every breast,
And Love is all in all.

4 This is the Holy Church that now
 Upon the earth appears,
 Throned on celestial Zion's brow
 To shine through endless years.

5 Attendant Angels gather near
 To see its walls arise ;
And all who meet the Saviour here
 Shall worship in the skies.

3.—THE ADVENT.

C. M.

- 1 "Glory to God !" this advent morn
 My soul exulting sings.
To-day of old on earth was born
 The glorious King of Kings :
- 2 Let every idol folly fall,
 And every discord cease ;
He reigns in Heaven the Lord of all,
 And here the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Glory to God ! in Christ the Lord
 We own His name Divine ;
Earth, Heaven, the Spirit and the Word
 Robed in His beauty shine.

- 4 Where Angels in their glory bow
They on Messiah call ;
And, in His earthly temple, now
We crown Him Lord of all.
-

4.—THE DIVINE LOVE.

7's AND 6's M. DOUBLE.

- 1 The brightness of Thy glory
O Lord ! is love alone ;
The pure and sacred story
Into our hearts hath grown.
Through all Thy Word's evangels,
As in the Heaven above,
More sweet than tongues of Angels,
We hear Thy speech of love.
- 2 As, in the deeps of ocean,
The stars reflected shine,
Our souls, in their devotion,
Reflect Thy love divine.
Though earthly friends may leave us,
And earthly hopes depart,
Thou dost in love receive us
And fold us to Thy heart.

- 3 As roses, in a garden,
 By dews from Heaven are fed,
 Thy Holy Spirit's guerdon
 Upon us here is shed.
 When from its last affliction,
 The ransomed spirit flies,
 Thy voice of benediction
 Is "welcome to the skies."
-

5.—CELESTIAL GREETINGS.

8's AND 7's M. DOUBLE.

- 1 "Peace be thine." The Angels greet thee,
 "Kindred Spirit! welcome here."
 In their blissful calm they meet thee—
 Shed abroad their loving sphere.
 Enter, then, the sacred portals,
 Here thy heart's pure homage pay;
 For the beautiful Immortals
 Worship in our midst to-day.
- 2 With us all the meek-voiced Angels,
 Reverent and adoring, stand;
 While we hear divine evangel
 From the soul's great Fatherland.

Oh ! though sorrow's chain hath bound us,
 All our grief shall pass away ;
 For the Father's hand hath crowned us
 In his glorious courts to day.

- 3 Hush ! be still ! in silent sweetness,
 Rapt in prayer, the Angels bow ;
 And the circle finds completeness
 In the Lord's dear presence now.
 Enter in, thou King of Glory !
 Banish all our woes away ;
 While our hearts recall the story
 Of redeeming love to day.
-

6.—CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

7'S AND 6'S M. DOUBLE

- 1 The cares of life are ending,—
 The troubles and the tears ;
 Our hearts in love are blending
 With Angels in the spheres.
 The hours are swiftly flying,
 And soon we all shall rise,
 To live the life undying
 Of Angels in the skies.

- 2 The holy Word is shining
Before our pilgrim way ;
The night is fast declining,
The darkness turns to day ;
Our hearts for joy are singing
Within the peaceful breast,
While love is gently winging
Our souls to perfect rest.
- 3 Beyond the shining river
The promised land we see :
Forever, Lord ! forever
Our souls would dwell with Thee.
To Thee our vows are plighted,
No more we fear to die ;
Thou hast our souls united
To immortality.
-

7.—CHRIST ADORED BY REGENERATE SPIRITS.

P. M.

- 1 "Sing praises to Jesus on high,"
Cry Spirits made perfect above ;
"Come, sing till our brethren reply,
And earth is redeemed by His love.
- 2 "He is all that we thought Him below ;
The worlds in His wisdom began.

The Angels, our Saviour who know,
See God in the Infinite Man.

- 3 "He is all that they own Him above;
The orbs of the universe roll
In the light of His truth and His love,
And the joy of His infinite soul.
- 4 "He is God of the thoughts of the mind;
The heart in His wisdom is wise;
His truth in the spirit is shrined,
And glows like the sun in the skies.
- 5 "From the center of Heaven's domain
To the bounds of the empire of space.
He is Lord, and forever shall reign,
And His love the creation embrace.
-

8.—THE DIVINE SPIRIT.

L. M.

- 1 One God there is, who reigns alone,
Through love received, in wisdom known;
By space or nature unconfined,
Yet in the universe enshrined.
- 2 Three Heavens of light and order roll
From Him, the All-creative Soul;
His truth divine the Word inspires;
He lights the heart's great altar pyres.

- 3 Fixed are His wisdom's firm decrees ;
Boundless His being's harmonies.
Unchangeable by erring man,
His attributes the worlds o'erspan.
- 4 Suns blossom from His will divine ;
He bids the planet's dust refine ;
Gives every world an Angel-race ;
Clasps every soul in one embrace.
-

9.—SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

8'S AND 7'S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Holy Lord ! in pure devotion
All the Angels praise thy name,
In the loving heart's emotion
All thy glorious deeds proclaim.
Changed from glory unto glory
They delight to sing thy love,
Till the sweet and sacred story
Fills the inmost Heaven above.
- 2 Father ! while that song of praises
Fills the temple of the skies,
Here its hymn devotion raises,
Here the songs of faith arise.

Breathe, O Lord ! thy Spirit's blessing,
Unconfined by time or space.
Let us all, Thy peace possessing,
Rest within thy love's embrace.

- 3 While the midnight turns to morning,
While the world forsakes its tomb,
Clothe us with divine adorning,
Crown us with immortal bloom.
While thy Angels move beside us,
Clasping still the feeble hand,
Safely, Lord ! O safely guide us,
Till we reach the Happy Land.
-

10.—THE DIVINE MAN.

C. M.

- 1 O Christ, our Lord ! in all mankind
Thy wondrous work we see ;
Thou art in every breast enshrined,
And Nature worships Thee.
- 2 Within Thy thought's eternal years
The universes roll ;
Thou art the Sovereign of the spheres,
The life of every soul.

- 3 Thou didst, in love divine, descend
Ere earth was veiled in gloom,
And talk with man, as friend with friend,
In Eden's golden bloom.
- 4 Thou art, O Lord ! our sure defense,
In every age the same :—
We feel Thy love's omnipotence,
And bless thy holy name.
-

11.—CHRIST WORSHIPED BY ALL ANGELS.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand saints
Attend His glorious way,
Who comes, to outward sense unknown,
And meets us here to-day ;
And while we own the Savior's name,
With all the Angel host,
The Father cometh in the Son,
And through the Holy Ghost.
- 2 Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Prolong, through Heaven's domain
His lasting praise, who was of old
For our redemption slain.

“Worthy art Thou, O Lord!” they cry,
“Forevermore to be
Throned in the Heaven of Heavens sublime,
That all may worship Thee.”

- 3 Ten thousand times ten thousand call
Upon our Saviour's name,
From every earth, from every star,
And none have called in vain.
Help us, O Lord! to own Thy name,
And do Thy will divine,
Till earth becomes, like Heaven above,
Thy Holy Spirit's shrine.
-

12.—THE CHURCH.

L. M.

- 1 “Go forth, beloved,” spake the Lord,
Ascending to His throne above;
“To every creature bear the Word;
Baptize the world with light and love.
- 2 “Strive not for earth's material things;
Ask not a roof to shield the head;
But trample down the pride of kings,
And heal the sick and raise the dead.”

- 3 Forth went the children of the day,
To Christ and to His gospel true;
So fled the heathen world away;
So the first Christian Church upgrew.
- 4 A second Church the first succeeds;
We reap where martyr hands have sown;
The creeds of earth are withered weeds;
The Word of God endures alone.
-

13.—CHRIST, THE SAVIOR.

S. M.

- 1 O Christ! Thou art the vine;
Thy life our life supplies;
And, nurtured by Thy love divine,
We blossom for the skies.
- 2 Thou art our Polar Star;
From bondage, Lord! we flee;
We hail the steadfast light afar,
And journey home to Thee.
- 3 Thou art our sword and shield.
We conquer when we die;
And march, from earth's last battle-field,
To thrones prepared on high.

14.—TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

L, M.

- 1 Almighty God! the first and last!
Thou dost the wheels of Nature move.
Thrones reel before Thy judgment-blast,
And naught remains but truth and love.
 - 2 While earth's mad anarchs vainly rage,
While judgments rock the nether sphere,
Thy purpose ripens age by age
Till Thou in Christ shalt reappear.
 - 3 From Thee the vast Creation came.
To Thee the wheels of being tend.
Let Nature pass in flying flame,
If we can meet Thee at the end.
-

15.—CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 What glory breaks upon mine eyes?
What songs are in mine ears?
And oh! in yon effulgent skies
What form divine appears?
'Tis Christ! 'tis Christ! I owned his name
While bound in sorrow's thrall.
I'll join the Angels who proclaim
My Savior all in all.

- 2 Wake, spirit, in my breast, and sing;
Emerge from death's dark wave;
To Christ the heart in tribute bring,
Thy Lord hath come to save.
From landscapes, bright with golden day,
I hear the Angels call;
"Christ is the Lord of Hosts," they say,
"Come, own Him all in all."
- 3 Farewell, ye spirits, wrapt in gloom,
My Savior who disown.
Where Eden smiles, in shining bloom,
'Tis my Redeemer's throne.
I'll join yon radiant, raptured throng,
From every earthly ball,
And own, with everlasting song,
That Christ is all in all.
-

16.—THE NEW CHURCH

7's AND 6's DOUBLE.

- 1 How glorious, on the mountains,
The Church appeareth now,
Enshrined in golden fountains,
With sunrise on her brow!
She smiles above the waters,
Enthroned in virgin pride;
And Heaven hath sent its daughters
To deck the radiant bride.

- 2 On every hill she reareth
A shining silver throne ;
And every star she weareth
Within her jeweled zone.
Behold the queenly maiden,
With sunrise in her hand ;
With fragrant offerings laden
She speeds from land to land.
- 3 She glides through all the vallies
With music in her tread,
And builds her golden palace
High at the river-head.
Her name the holy Angels
Read in her garment's hem ;
'Tis traced in Heaven's evangel,—
'The New Jerusalem.'
-

17.—THE LORD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 Thou art, O Lord ! the life and light
Of that celestial world we see ;
Its Angel-songs of truth and right
Are but responses unto Thee.
Through every soul Thy glories shine,
And all things pure and true are Thine.

- 2 Sun of the soul! Thy beauteous rays
 Gild all the purple clouds of even;
Through visions of Thy love we gaze
 Into the golden deeps of Heaven.
Those homes of bliss, that love divine,
And all things pure and true are Thine.
- 3 When childhood opes its Angel-bloom
 It blossoms 'neath Thy kindling eye.
Thou dost the night of age illumine;
 In Thee we live; in Thee we die.
Through earth and Heaven Thy mercies shine,
And all things pure and true are Thine.
- 4 When Heaven's effulgent gates unbar,
 And from its woes the soul is free,
The spirit, like the morning star,
 Ascends, led upward, Lord, by Thee.
In mind and heart Thy glories shine,
And all things pure and true are Thine.
-

18—CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

L. M.

- 1 In Thy Divine Humanity,
 O Lord, what boundless wonders dwell!
The mightier Sampson there we see,
 Who bursts the brazen gates of hell.

- 2 The Second Adam, Thou,—whose love
An endless life to man supplies;
Transports the soul to realms above;
And changes earth to Paradise.
- 3 All power, in Heaven and earth, is Thine.
Great Joshua! Thou our sins dost slay;
While truth and mercy, all divine,
Like sun and moon, Thy will obey.
- 4 As in Elijah's chariot, Thou
Dost rise, in glory all complete;
The Heavens to greet Thy coming bow;
And Death expires beneath Thy feet!
-

19.—CHRIST THE DELIVERER.

L. M.

- 1 There stands anear each mortal breast
A stranger from the spirit-shore.
The robes of light his form invest;
His heart with love runs o'er and o'er.
- 2 It is the Christ who once for love
In anguish died upon the tree.
He comes, in power, from worlds above
To set earth's weary captives free.

- 3 Celestial throngs his path attend ;
 "Unbar," they cry, "each bosom-door,
For Christ is here, the deathless friend ;
 He comes with life forevermore."
- 4 Now, Death ! thy gloomy gates unbar.
 Now, Sorrow ! wipe thy tears away.
Now dawns in Heaven the morning star,
 And twilight brightens into day.
-

20.—THE CHURCH A NEW EDEN.

L. M.

- 1 Holy and full of love below
The Church should like a garden grow,
And souls, like roses, bud and bloom,
For endless life beyond the tomb.
- 2 The Church should like an Eden be,
With golden fruit on every tree ;
Not Heaven with all its host should shine
So bright with charity divine.
- 3 O Lord ! the thorns uproot, and feed
With rains from Heaven, the treasured seed,
And bid the vine and olive bear
The glorious food that saints may share.

- 4 Transform this waste of burning sand,
 Till Earth becomes Thy Morning Land;
 And bid Thy glorious Church arise,
 In faith and order from the skies.
-

21.—HYMN OF THE ADVENT.

11'S AND 10'S M.

- 1 Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
 Wearing the human around Thy Divine ;
 Garments of love are Thy robes of adorning,
 Glories of truth in Thy diadem shine.
- 2 Drear was the winter of blindness and error ;
 Strong the fierce empire of death and the
 grave.
 Thou didst redeem us from sin and its terror—
 Vailed in Thy human to rescue and save.
- 3 Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
 Dawn on the night of the nations again ;
 Wearing the skies for thy robes of adorning,
 Lord of the Angels and Savior of men.
-

22.—THE CREATIVE SPIRIT.

7'S M.

- 1 Praise the Lord for He is kind ;
 Praise Him, the Indwelling Mind.

For His works of truth and grace
Praise Him, every Angel-race.

- 2 He hath made each star to glow
With a light unseen below ;
Praise the Lord, for He hath given
Every star its own bright Heaven.
- 3 Like a harp by God o'erleant
Nature is His instrument ;
'Tis His hand that smites the strings ;
Light and love the strain He sings.
- 4 Earth and ether, isle and sea
Hear that wondrous litany ;
And the glorious music rolls
Into speech of human souls.
- 5 Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
With a soul from sense refined ;
Till we feel the Angels near,
And His perfect presence here.

23.—THE WORSHIP OF ANGELS.

C. M.

- 1 When living faith the soul inspires,
To Heaven we lift our eyes :
While every cloud of night retires
That hid the spirit-skies.

- 2 There martyr souls in glory throng
 Upon the jasper sea,
And lift their everlasting song
 In triumph, Lord ! to Thee.
- 3 “ All holy, holy Lord ! ” they cry,
 “ Before the world was made
Thy sovereign glory filled the sky,
 In heavenly forms displayed.
- 4 The passive bounds of nature own
 Thy love’s divine decree,
And thro’ its forms Thy great white throne
 Of power supreme we see.
- 5 Revolving spheres display Thy might
 And own Thy wise control ;
But ’tis Thy mercy’s chief delight
 To form and save the soul.”
-

24.—CHRIST IN HADES.

8’S 8’S AND 7’S M.

- 1 When the outward life departed,—
Just and true and faithful-hearted,—
 From the cross the Savior trod,
Through the spheres of moral anguish,
Where the souls of nations languish
 Who of old abandoned God.

- 2 Through the portals of affliction,
Breathing peace and benediction,
Came the Savior to the dead.
Pouring forth His heart's evangel,
Sweeter far than voice of Angel,
Thus the meek Deliverer said.
- 3 "Through my Holy Spirit's guerdon,
Spirits, there is peace and pardon ;
From your night of sorrow rise."
Hark ! ten thousand thousand voices !
All the Angel world rejoices ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Hear us Lord ! to glory risen,
To the Spirits bound in prison,
Bound in evils dark and drear.
Through Thy children's hearts descending,
Lift them up to life unending,
When Thou dost in love appear.

25.—CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

L. M.

- 1 Unto thy holy temple, Lord !
We come for comfort from Thy Word.
Shine in our hearts, while we survey
The wonders of Thy love to-day.

- 2 Give us to eat that living bread
By which the Angels all are fed ;
Give us to drink that living wine
That fills their souls with truth divine.
 - 3 No more would we, with selfish aim,
For glory strive, or gold, or fame ;
But seek to rise our sins above,
Through faith and hope and perfect love.
 - 4 So hope's immortal flower shall bloom ;
So faith shall overcome the tomb ;
And love shall bid our spirits rise
To endless worship in the skies.
-

26.—SABBATH MORNING.

L. M.

- 1 The shadow flies, the night is done,
Behold the blessed Sabbath Sun ;
From zone to zone, its beams, unfurled,
Have kissed the eyes of all the world.
- 2 Within the house not made with hands
The Angels chant, in tuneful bands,
“O Christ ! thou SPIRIT SUN ! we see
Thy light of truth, and worship Thee.”

- 3 There all the sainted dead rejoice,
And worship, with united voice.
“O Christ!” they sing, “Thy name we
bless ;
Thou art the Sun of Righteousness.”
- 4 Fill all thy courts, O Lord ! to-day,
While here our hearts their homage pay.
Upon our longing spirits shine
With truth and mercy all divine.
- 5 Nor let Thy Presence be confined
To us, but visit all mankind ;
Till every soul shall worship Thee,
In Thy Divine Humanity.
-

27.—THE RETURN OF ANGELS.

6, 6, AND 9'S M.

- 1 To the Lord in the skies
Let our praises arise,
For the night of the nations is o'er
And His Angels have come
From their glorious home,
As they came to the ancients before.
- 2 They are singing again
Of the Savior of men,

And His kingdom of glory above ;
While His spirit descends
To the bosom, and blends
With the heart in the fulness of love.

3 Clothed in raiment of white,
 Shall the nations unite,
On the Lord in his temple to call ;
 While the winter of creeds
 From the summer recedes,
And the captive is loosed from his thrall.

4 In the truths of the Word
 Shall the faith of the Lord
Be sounded through Nature abroad ;
 And the Angels go forth
 Till they hallow the earth
With the love and the wisdom of God.

28.—THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

L. M.

1 Thy Word, O God ! shall sparkle yet
 Upon the forehead of the world ;
And all its truths like stars be set
 Where now the storms of wrath are whirled.

With olives on her peaceful brow,
And palms and lilies in her hand,
Thy Church, O Lord ! appeareth now,
And scatters light from land to land.

2 Communing at the festal board,
Returning Saints and Angels shine ;
And, in the goblets of the Word,
Life's daily draught is turned to wine.
We see the light of holier spheres,
When outward earth is dark and dim ;
And Christ within the heart appears,
And bids us rise and follow Him.

3 Our Savior hastens from above ;
In every heart He comes to dwell ;
We hear within His voice of love,
As ocean whispers in the shell.
Like a great organ's mighty blast,—
A soul in every burning key,—
To God shall praise arise at last,
In His Divine Humanity.

29.—THE NEW AGE.

7's M.

1 Earth shall melt with fervent heat ;
Heaven shall vanish like a scroll ;

God shall from His judgment seat
Speak the doom of every soul.

2 So the ancient Scripture saith ;
We its inner truth divine ;
Through its pictured form of death
We behold the spirit shine.

3 Earth shall its Deliverer see ;
Christ shall in the heart appear ;
Night and Age and Winter flee ;
Morn and Youth and Spring draw near.

4 Lo ! the second Heaven appears !
Lo ! the age of love unfurled !
'Tis the spring-tide of the spheres ;
'Tis the morning of the world.

30.—THE SABBATH OF THE WORLD.

L. M. DOUBLE.

1 It is not always night ! The Day
All darkness from the earth shall roll.
It is not always night ! The ray
Of Truth Divine shall wake the soul.

Beneath that daydawn of the skies
Earth, like a bud, its calyx part ;
And Heaven be mirrored in the eyes ;
And summer ripen in the heart.

2 It is not always night ! The earth,
That slumbers like a winter tree,
Shall blossom to its second birth
Of love and peace and liberty.
Again the tree of life shall bloom,
That dropt its fruit in Eden old,
And man emerge from sorrow's tomb
To greet the long lost Age of Gold.

3 It is not always night ! The West
Awakes beneath the morning star,
And, like a happy bride, is drest
To greet her bridegroom from afar.
Hail to the dawn ! the Lord is nigh !
He shines our waiting eyes to bless ;
And Angels chant in Heaven on high,
" Behold the Sun of Righteousness ! "

31.—CALVARY.

6 L. L. M.

1 He dies ! The great Redeemer dies !
While Nature darkens round the cross ;

Behold the Eternal Father rise
And bear the outward grieve its loss.
Earth shudders at the piercing cry
Of "Eloi Sabacthani."

2. Descend once more, Almighty Friend!
With all thy Angels from above;
With thought and will and action blend
The flame of truth, the fire of love.
Hear from the world the anguish-cry
Of "Eloi Sabacthani."

- 3 Unto Thy living temples come,
While earth beholds Thy Church arise,
In every heart, in every home,
And man returns to Paradise.
Till then our hearts repeat the cry
Of "Eloi Sabacthani."
-

32.—THE CROSS ON THE SPIRE.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Above the temple's lifted spire
The cross of Christ we see:
It bids our spirits, Lord! aspire
Through faith and love to Thee.

The flowers that blossom at its feet,
 They tell us of the just,
 Whose souls in Heaven are pure and sweet,
 Though here their forms are dust.

- 2 The graves below in shadow lie,
 While day or night declines ;
 The cross of Christ uplifted high,
 In light forever shines :
 Sublime it stands with steadfast ray,
 Above our earthly jars,
 Gemmed with the kingly beams of day,
 Or crowned with all the stars.
- 3 Help us, O Lord ! in grief and loss,
 With vision fixed above,
 To see, o'er that memorial cross,
 The Angel of Thy love.
 Help us to suffer and forgive
 Beneath Thy pitying eye ;
 In Thee to glory while we live,
 And triumph when we die.

33.—CHRIST WITHIN.

C. M.

- 1 Upon Judea's midnight plains
 The shepherds watched of old ;

- When lo ! from Heaven, seraphic strains
Of joy and triumph rolled.
- 2 " Now dawns the blissful advent morn,"
With loving voice they sing,
" To-day, to all mankind, is born
A Savior and a King."
- 3 Still, still 'tis ours the hymn to hear
That swept o'er Israel's plain.
Loud swells the anthem ;—sphere to sphere
In joy repeats the strain.
- 4 Where'er Thy Spirit, Lord ! is shrined,
The inward Christ is born ;
The Angel-strains in heart and mind
Proclaim the advent morn.
-

34.—CHRIST IN THE HEART

L. M.

- 1 O make my soul Thy Spirit's shrine ;
Thy temple, Lord ! this heart of mine.
There let me all Thy mercies prove,
And know Thy Word, and feel Thy love.
- 2 With Christ in heart and life confest,
My soul shall dwell with Angels blest ;
And when the languid pulses fly,
I shall not die, but seem to die.

- 3 Then, rising from this world of wo,
I shall but to my Savior go ;
Eternity with Him to spend,
Where holy pleasures never end.
-

35.—CHRIST OUR STRENGTHENER.

L. M.

- 1 When Christ through faith and love descends,
To make the heart His own abode,
With all our human nature blends
The steadfast light and peace of God.
- 2 The joyful hours ! how swift they run,
When we have felt our sins forgiven ;
'Tis then, through Christ, our hearts are one
With all His fold in earth and Heaven.
- 3 Then we can face the world's rebuke,
The storm, the strife, the Martyr's grave,
Thrilled by the same transporting look
He once to dying Stephen gave.
-

36.—CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

11's M.

- 1 The Lord is my blessing, my comfort and guide ;
He leads me the waters of Heaven beside.

I bathe in the fountains of mercy and love,
And peace in my bosom abides like the dove.

2 O sweet 'tis to rise from dim Nature's control,
To dwell in the beautiful clime of the soul;
The homes of the Angels transported to see,
And meet the departed from sorrow set free.

3 God's love like a rainbow of glory appears,
And circles the stars with a vesture of spheres;
And bright from the bosom, His temple divine,
The truths and affections of Deity shine.

4 With love in the soul, the glad harmony flows
Like light from the day-spring, or sweets from
the rose.
From glory to glory each bright one ascends,
And spirit with spirit in ecstasy blends.

5 They taste not, who only the outward have
known,
The blessings in store for the loving alone;
When, free from its fetters, the spirit shall
rise,
To join the redeemed in the home of the skies.

37.—TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

L. M.

- 1 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share.
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.
 - 2 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share.
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
The living faith that works by love.
 - 3 In vain the name of Christ we bear.
Unless the cross of Christ we share.
The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.
 - 4 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the love of Christ we share;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the cross, "Forgive."
-

38.—THE DIVINITY AND ETERNITY OF THE WORD.

7's M.

- 1 Angel, tell us of the Word;
Came it forth from God or man?
"Christian, it was with the Lord
Ere the earth or skies began."

Angel, do its glories shine
In the worlds of space afar?
"Christian, lo! its truths divine
Speed in light from star to star."

2 Angel, is the Word alone
Loved beneath these outward skies?
"Christian, round Immanuel's throne
Seraphs in its truth are wise."
Angel, tell us will its page
In the future e'er be furled?
"Christian, lo! from age to age
'Twill with noonday fill the world."

3 Angel, tell us of the Word;
Thou its inner heart dost see?
"Christian, it makes known the Lord
In Divine Humanity.
Christian, 'tis a lamp of gold,
Held in God the Savior's hand,
Shining o'er His earthly fold,
Guiding to His inmost land."

39.—THE REGENERATE LIFE.

L. M.

- 1 Help us, our Father, still to prove
Thy promised grace, Thy perfect love ;
In us Thy soul's desire fulfill ;
Make us the workers of Thy will.
- 2 No outward blessing can supply
The Spirit's loss, for then we die ;
No outward grief a fear can give
While Thou in heart and mind dost live.
- 3 Fain would we think Thy thought divine,
And have no other will but Thine.
Our hearts, O Lord ! from self set free ;
Give us love's perfect liberty.
- 4 With Thee in every thought, how sweet
It is our Angel-friends to meet ;
With them to feel for human woe.
And wipe the tear-drops ere they flow.
- 5 With Thee within, how sweet to find
Our constant guide, Thy perfect mind ;
While deeds of purest love declare
Thy Holy Spirit's presence there.

40.—SABBATH EVENING.

L. M.

- 1 The stars have lit their golden lights
Upon the heavenly mountain hights ;
From east to west their flames arise ;
An arch of glory spans the skies.
 - 2 Beneath that bright triumphal arch
Our souls, O Lord, exulting march ;
And cheered by visions wise and grand,
They seek in faith the better land.
 - 3 Fling wide, O Lord ! Thy temple doors ;
The stars may break on glory's shores ;
Their drops may seek the spirit sea,
But we would find our life in Thee.
 - 4 Eternal Life ! to own Thy name,
While new-born suns and systems flame.
Eternal Life ! in Thee to rise,
When every star forgets the skies.
-

41.—SABBATH EVENING.

C. M.

- 1 Night prays with rosary of stars ;
The Heavens and earth are still ;
And Prayer the Eden-world unbars
To men of loving will.

- 2 We leave the city's shady streets,
And seek the home of prayer ;
And there the soul its Father meets ;
And Angels lead us there.
- 3 Before the evening lamps were lit
The loving Angels came,
With us to seek the Infinite,
And own the Savior's name.
- 4 Still, as we worship, they adore ;
In silent grace they stand ;
And still our spirits they implore
To seek the Happy Land.
-

42.—OUTWARD EVE—INNER MORN.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 The morning bells of Paradise
Chime in our hearts to-night ;
We hear the voices of the skies,
The melodies of light.
And still, while evening fades away,
Those golden bells ring on,
And bid the spirit watch and pray,
With solemn orison.

- 2 We see the white cathedral spires,
Up-built in Heaven above ;
We hear the saintly Angel choirs
Chant matin hymns of love.
'Tis sunrise in the Morning Land,
And with interior sight,
We see the white-robed spirit-band—
At evening there is light.
- 3 Above the fading sunset gold
Celestial spheres out-shine ;
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fold
Our longing souls in Thine :
With kindled heart, and quickened mind
The Angel-world we see ;
But oh ! our spirits only find
Eternal life in Thee.
-

43.—DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

C. M.

- 1 The Sunrise Angel draws the veil
That hid the Heavens from sight ;
The armies of the skies prevail,
For God speeds on the Right.

- 2 Earth hears the mighty voice of God,
And from its night up-springs ;
And Love and Wisdom fly abroad
With morning on their wings.
 - 3 The fetters break ; the shackles fall ;
The bars of death are riven :
Sweet Hope and Mercy comfort all,
And earth communes with Heaven.
 - 4 Then let us greet the Angel throngs,
And own their Lord's control ;
And celebrate, with holy songs,
The Sabbath of the soul.
-

44.—THE MOST ANCIENT CHURCH.

L. M.

- 1 The Angels of the Age of Gold
Encamp by night around our fold,
And cast their crowns of shining day
Before the Savior when we pray.
- 2 Their hearts, like bridal bells, are sweet ;
The songs of peace are in their feet ;
Their souls, like groves of living bloom,
Diffuse abroad a sweet perfume.

- 3 Calm, silent, beautiful and free,
Too pure for mortal eyes to see,
They gather where we now adore,
In the great faith they held before.
- 4 Their eyes like stars upon us gleam ;
Like golden lilies in a stream
They pour their fragrant thoughts abroad,
And bid us love and worship God.
-

45.—SPIRITUAL LIBERTY.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 Through midnight ages dark and lone,
Oppression triumphs o'er the free ;
They set the watch, they roll the stone
Upon the grave of Liberty.
When, lo ! the Angels burst the gloom,
And Freedom rises from the tomb.
- 2 Robed in the sable vail of fear,
The mourners haste at early day ;
But Angels from the brighter sphere,
Disperse their gloomy cares away.
"Rejoice, O Earth, rejoice !" they cry,
"For Freedom lives, no more to die."

- 3 O Christ, our Savior ! Thou who art
The Lord and Ruler of the free ;
Reveal to every human heart
The freedom that is found in Thee.
So shall the world's last tyrant fall,
And love and light be all in all.
-

46.—LOOKING INTO HEAVEN.

L. M.

- 1 This common earth, by mortals trod,
Is hallowed by the Present God ;
And still great Heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.
- 2 Look up, O Man ! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came.
For thee descend the spirit host ;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.
- 3 Let worldings toil for golden ore ;
Do thou the Angel Heaven explore.
Thy heart shall then seraphic sing,
And dwell for aye with morn and spring.

- 4 While others see but chance and change,
Thy soul thro' heavenly worlds shall range,
And there discern, with spirit sense,
The heart of God's great Providence.
- 5 The lonely chamber of thy rest
Shall beam with many an Angel guest;
And Nature lay her tribute sweet
Of health and beauty at thy feet.
-

47.—BAPTISM.

L. M.

- 1 Bathed in the Holy Spirit's wave,
To sin our hearts would find a grave;
Then rising through the flood would see
The path, O Lord! that leads to Thee.
- 2 Baptize our hearts in love anew,
And shed Thy Spirit's holy dew;
Till we like crystal lilies bloom
In the still wave beyond the tomb.
- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We sing with all the Angel host;
And all the God-head, Lord, we see
In Thy Divine Humanity.

48.—BAPTISM.

6'S AND 5'S M.

PART I.

- 1 Angels are smiling now
On the believer;
Christ hears her bosom vow,
Stands to receive her.
 - 2 Hear ye the holy song;
"Sins are forgiven ;
Join the immortal throng,
Daughter of Heaven !"
 - 3 Soon shall a brighter wave
Flow o'er her spirit,
Crossing the joyful grave,
Life to inherit.
 - 4 Clothed then in shining grace,
Past the dark river ;
Christ shall His child embrace,—
Own her forever.
-

PART II.

- 1 To the baptismal wave
Welcome another ;
Christ calls thee from the grave,
Rise, rise, our brother !

- 2 Dark were the foes that fought.
Strong to deliver,
Christ hath redemption brought,
Praise Him forever.
- 3 Where Angels stand in white,
Martyrs behold thee ;
Garments of joy and light
Now shall enfold thee.
- 4 Soldier of Christ be strong,
Through life's bright portals
Pass, with a triumph song,
To the Immortals.
-

49.—BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

C. M.

- 1 This bud of love's conjugal tree
Of deathless life possessed ;
O Lord of Life! we give to Thee,
To bloom upon Thy breast.
- 2 This lamb of Eden's nuptial fold,—
Great Shepherd 'tis thine own ;
In love its infant form behold,
And guide it to Thy throne.

- 3 Thou who didst once to earth descend
Through childhood's form divine ;
With all its human nature blend
That better life of thine.
- 4 Unto its infant mind impart,
The wisdom of Thy Word ;
And mold and fashion all its heart
In likeness of the Lord.
-

50.—COMMUNION.

L. M.

- 1 This is the marriage feast, and here
The bridegroom seeks his willing bride ;
O Christ within our midst appear,
And evermore with us abide.
- 2 If Thou art absent when we meet,
Our marriage robe becomes a pall ;
If Thou art here, in union sweet,
We blend, and Thou art all in all.
- 3 In vain we bring the wine and bread,
Unless the great Redeemer stands,
With truth divine the feast to spread,
And press the clusters in his hands.

- 4 Hear us, our Savior ! while we pray,
And fill with light each bosom shrine,
And feed our waiting hearts to-day
With faith and charity divine.
-

51.—COMMUNION.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 To Christ the Lord we come to-day,
As to our inmost friend ;
And while in union sweet we pray,
Celestial hosts attend.
And while we break the symbol bread
And taste the holy wine,
Our souls and their's alike are fed
With truth and love divine.
- 2 Till we Thy Word, O Lord ! believe,
In vain our prayers are said ;—
Till we as one Thy will receive,
We slumber with the dead.
Till we as one Thy spirit own,
And in Thy love agree,
We are but withered blossoms blown
From an uprooted tree.

- 3 Our new-born hearts, like infants, Lord !
Are frail and feeble still ;
O give us light in all Thy Word,
To read Thy holy will.
Give us Thy holy will to do,
Till we as one arise—
Our sweet communion to renew
And serve Thee in the skies.
-

52.—HYMN FOR NUPTIALS

12's M.

- 1 Hail to the Bride, she is haloed in splendor,
And Graces and Loves like sweet Angels attend
her.
Her heart is an Eden, and in its bright palace,
Love poureth the wine of the skies from his
chalice.
- 2 O Daughter of Beauty! remember, remember,
The May-bloom of youth withers down in
December ;
To the Lord, through thy bridegroom, thy
vows must be plighted,
Then thou shalt in beauty bloom ever un-
blighted.

- 3 O Daughter of Morning! the Angels have
crowned thee ;
And Hymen with garlands of roses hath bound
thee ;
The truth and the good in thy chosen one
cherish,
That wisdom may bloom, and that error may
perish.
- 4 We hail thee! we hail thee! beloved of Angels!
Go forth in the faith of the holy evangel ;
Till bridegroom and bride blend in single per-
fection,
United in love through the Savior's affection.
-

53.—HYMN FOR NUPTIALS.

C. M. DOUBLE

- 1 Behold! behold! the Bridegroom stands,
Arrayed in nuptial truth ;
And Heaven hath sent conjugal bands
In golden Angel youth.
For marriage is the inmost tie
That love and wisdom binds ;
And pure affection reigns on high
In blended hearts and minds.

2 Blest Lord, who didst on earth of old
The water turn to wine,
Our hearts like golden cups we hold
For joy and peace divine.
Pour through our spirits now we pray
Thy Holy Spirit's tide;
In living union blend alway,
The bridegroom and the bride.

3 O make his mind a starry sky,
Illumined still by Thee;
And in his heart, no more to die,
Plant Eden's flowering tree.
And through his happy bride descend,
In more than Angel love,
Till life's dim twilight here shall end
In heavenly dawn above.

54.—HYMN AFTER NUPTIALS.

P. M.

1 They have found the links of the golden chain,
That binds the world to the skies again;
They have found the germ of the tender vine
That ripens its fruit in the life divine.

- 2 They have found the dove in the heart that sings,
And soars to the sphere where morning springs.
They have found the path to the pearly door
That opes to the Angel world once more.
- 3 They have found the treasure that lies enshrin'd
In the Eden bowers of heart and mind.
They have found the solace of want and care ;
They have found the bread that the Angels share.
- 4 They have pledged their vows to the Lord Most
High,
With the Nuptial Angels listening nigh.
They are knit for aye in the willing chain,
And it leadeth them home to their God again.
-

55.—A NUPTIAL HYMN.

7's M.

- 1 Angel youth and Angel maid
'Neath the heavenly myrtle shade.
Where the red rose opes its leaves.
Where its song the zephyr weaves.
Tell us, tell us, two in one,
Why the hours in music run.

- 2 Listen, listen, to the strain ;
Love in Heaven hath endless reign ;
Blessed Angels dwell above,
Blended in Conjugal love.
Theirs to feel the Spirit Sun,
Through the soul in music run.
- 3 Angels dwell in nuptial state ;
Every heart hath found its mate.
There divine delight they find,
In each changeful state enshrined.
Truth and love, conjoined in one,
Bid the hours in music run.
- 4 Whom the Lord unites below
Nuptial joys of Angels know.
Heart and mind in love agree,
Being flows in melody.
Lord thou dost the twain make one ;
Endless morning is begun.
-

56.—LANGUAGE.

L. M.

- 1 Language was man's first offspring, born
In Eden on his natal morn.
Speech is thought's out-birth wise and strong,
And love's full being flows in song.

- 2 The mind and heart, the earth and sky,
Are spoken words of Deity,
And human language weaves its dress
From God's out-breathing loveliness.
 - 3 All nature chords in song divine;
The stars make music as they shine;
To Angels, holy, wise and free,
All being is but melody.
 - 4 Profane not, man, with strife and curse,
The music of the universe.
But join, with accents pure and wise,
The spirit worship of the skies.
-

57.—THOUGHT.

7's M.

- 1 Hast thou e'er, with quickened sense
Felt a thought's omnipotence?
Thou hast found the powers that bind
Spirits to Omniscient Mind.
- 2 Spoken thoughts of Deity
Are the worlds of life we see.
Heaven is but a lasting thought:
Man a spirit-word out-wrought.

- 3 All the worlds shall pass away,
But the Lord's creative ray
Lengthens out the starry chain,
To return to Him again.
- 4 Where the souls in glory stand,
They obey His wise command.
Bearing thoughts of God they go
To the mind of man below.
- 5 Wouldst thou find the master key
Of creation's harmony?
'Tis the thought of God inspires;
Offer Him thy pure desires.
- 6 All thy soul from self unchain
If thou wouldst His wisdom gain;
Love the bosom shall unbar
To the thoughts, of God that are.
-

58.—THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

C. M.

- 1 Speak gently to the erring mind,
Wield not oppression's rod.
The still small voice of prayer we find
Omnipotent with God.

- 2 Beneath the smiles and tears of Spring
The flowers in beauty start ;
And love's inspiring voice shall bring
An Eden to the heart.
- 3 The heart that strives in patient love
To break the captive's chain,
Is fed by mercy from above,
And never bleeds in vain.
- 4 To lift the lowly from despair
The Angels hasten down,
And they Love's holy cross who bear
Shall win the Angel's crown.
- 5 The Power that makes the spheres rejoice
And bids the planets roll,
Descends, in Mercy's pleading voice,
To free the prisoned soul
- 6 Go where the suffering brother dies,
His mind and heart to free,
And lo ! the Shepherd of the skies
Shall feed His lambs through thee.
-

59.—DUTY.

L. M.

- 1 Clasped in the missal of the day
Are the great deeds that heroes pray ;
And all who march in Duty's van
Must meet the foes of God and man.
- 2 The Hero Angels haste to dwell
With all who bid their sins farewell ;
And they are " men of destiny,"
Who give their souls mankind to free.
- 3 Grasped like a sword, in God's right hand,
Behold the deathless martyr-band !
It falls, it falls, that living sword,
On all who war against the Lord !
- 4 The great occasion never ends,
While sorrow's cry to God ascends ;
And Love transforms Life's rugged way
Into a new Thermopylæ.
- 5 Lo ! all who tread the upward path
O'ercome the alien spirits' wrath ;
And they the waves of death who stem
Shall find the New Jerusalem.

60.—THE TEMPLE OF DEITY.

L. M.

- 1 In every human mind we see
A temple made for Deity ;
And righteous thoughts and acts declare
His Holy Spirit's presence there.
- 2 The living God whom Moses saw,
Whose mind revealed the ancient law,
Within the reason and the will
Makes known His truth and mercy still.
- 3 All that the Hebrew Prophets knew
Through moral insight shone to view ;
'Then nature dropped her vail to stand
And teach, like Christ, at God's right hand.
- 4 O'er all the past the mellow light
Of Revelation gilds the night ;
All creeds, like meteors, rise and fall ;
Faith, Hope, and Love survive them all.

61.—REGENERATION THROUGH USES.

11's M.

- 1 I would not live away—from self let me die,
My Savior the fountains of life shall supply ;
The cup of affliction in hope let me drain,
That Christ in my bosom unrivaled may reign.

- 2 I would not live alway—I ask but to go
To uses above from my labors below.
With Christ in my bosom wherever I roam,
My inmost shall dwell with my Savior at home.
- 3 I would not live alway with sin in my heart.
From sin let me dwell with my Savior apart.
With Christ in my bosom as year follows year,
His mercy and truth in my life shall appear.
- 4 I would not live alway in seemings alone,
But taste the delights to my Lord that are known.
The night of the self-hood my spirit would flee,
With Christ in His kingdom of uses to be.
- 5 I would not live alway—I triumph in this,
That uses alone fill the chalice of bliss.
With Christ in my bosom, through uses of love,
I'll rise in His image to glory above.
-

62.—THE LIFE OF USES.

C. P. M.

- 1 Of all the thoughts of God that are
In music borne from spheres afar
To living minds below,
This one, with most inspiring strain,
My being doth from self unchain,
And free from every wo.

- 2 'Tis not that I shall rise afar,
By Angels led from star to star,
Through Heaven's immortal years.
'Tis not that I shall breathe the balms
Of rest beneath celestial palms,
Where Angels hymn the spheres.
- 3 It is that I shall be a shrine
For God's own life of love divine,
And, through my nature, flow
That inward breathing bliss, that winds
In holy thoughts to mortal minds,
That grieve and pine below.
- 4 It is that love shall time outlast ;
It is that I when death is past,
Shall still to mortals be,
O Lord ! a messenger of love,
A spirit-star that shines above,
To light the soul to Thee.
-

63.—SUNRISE.

8'S AND 7'S M.

- 1 Full oft we wake from weary dreams
Of want and wo and scorning,
When thro' the window shine the beams
Of sunrise in the morning.

The dewy rose is fresh and sweet,
The gay parterre adorning ;
And meadow daisies press our feet
At sunrise in the morning.

- 2 Though outward life is dark with dreams
Of want and care and scorning,
Thank God ! it ends with Angel beams
Of sunrise in the morning.
Love's dewy roses open sweet,
The heavenly sphere adorning,
And death shall stoop to kiss our feet
At sunrise in the morning.

- 3 Then let us wake from idle dreams,
No child of sorrow scorning,
To scatter far the blessed beams
Of sunrise in the morning.
Then heart and soul shall blossom sweet,
The Heaven of Love adorning ;
And we shall with the Savior meet
At sunrise in the morning.
-

64.—FOLLOWING CHRIST.

7'S M.

- 1 If thou wouldst like Jesus be,
Shrine His image in the mind ;
Seek the inward harmony
Of a soul from sense refined.
 - 2 With a meek, heroic grace,
Serving all thy fellow men ;
His divinest pathway trace,
For it leads to God again.
 - 3 If thy path be dark and drear,
Love and labor, watch and pray ;
All His Angels shall be near ;
Darkness brighten to the day.
 - 4 If thou wouldst like Jesus be,
Journey eastward to the sun,
Pure in heart, in spirit free,
Till eternal life is won.
-

65.—THE LORD IN THE WORD.

C. M.

- 1 Within the pages of the Word
As in celestial spheres,
The glorious image of the Lord
To His redeemed appears:

Inscribed with truths of love divine,
To faith's believing eyes,
With never-fading light they shine
To lead us to the skies.

2 O sacred treasure ! from of old
In boundless mercy given,
Thou dost within thy leaves enfold
The three-fold truth of Heaven !
Though spirits from the gloomy deep
Would rend thy scroll apart,
Their strife is vain, for still we keep
The Word within the heart.

66.—THE VOICE OF THE HEART.

C. M.

1 O Heart ! sad Heart ! with woes opprest,
Why dost thou grieve and pine ;
The world in beauty's robe is drest,
And all its charms are thine ?
Deep from the bosom's hidden cell
We hear the Heart's reply :
“ Oh ! break the world's alluring spell ;
Bound in its thrall I die.

- 2 “ While Nature’s wheels with fiery force
 Urge on the planet’s race,
The outward changes to a corse,
 Though clasped in love’s embrace.
The world that to the eye appears
 Is all a painted breath ;
The shuttle of the flying years
 But weaves the robes of death.”
- 3 O Heart ! sad Heart ! where wilt thou turn ?
 With weary flight we trace,
Through suns and planets where they burn,
 The cold, fixed laws of space.
The rosebud hath no second spring,
 The worm dies in the sod—
How canst thou hope with feeble wing
 To find the home of God ?
- 4 O sacred Heart ! we hear thee speak
 Within thy bosom cell :
“ God cometh where the pure and meek,
 The just and lowly dwell.
The outward finds no second spring,
 It crumbles ’neath the sod ;
But for the Heart death hath no sting,
 When made the home of God.”

67.—CHRIST THE DELIVERER.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, our Lord ! when troubles roll
And spheres of night bedim the soul,
Thy form divine by faith we see,
And for deliverance call to Thee.
 - 2 Speak, Lord ! and in our souls the might
Of love shall burst the bars of night.
From self and all its follies free,
Our hearts shall find their life in Thee.
 - 3 How blest to live and feel Thy love,
A Quickening Spirit from above ;
To stem the waves of sorrow's sea
Inspired and solaced, Lord ! by Thee.
 - 4 How sweet to find Thy promised grace,
While swift we run the upward race ;
And conquerors at last to be
O'er sin and death, redeemed by Thee.
-

68.—THE CELESTIAL SABBATH.

C. M.

- 1 As day by day the selfhood dies
And earthly thoughts remove,
A nobler life the Lord supplies,
A spirit all of love.

- 2 So, when the artist from his clay
Removes the earthly mold,
The form whose dust is blown away
Receives the living gold.
- 3 What joys the glorious hour attend
When Christ is formed within :
This is Regeneration's end ;
The vanishing of sin.
- 4 Then all our inward woes are o'er,
The days of combat cease ;
And we enjoy, for evermore,
The Sabbath-rest of peace.
-

69—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

8'S AND 6'S M.

- 1 Heaven is the soul that God inspires ;
Where holy thoughts and pure desires
Like beauteous Angels dwell.
The maddened mind, the tortured breast,
By sensual, selfish lusts possess'd.
Is life's interior hell.

- 2 To one the holy Angels throng,
And chant their sweet unending song
In faith's adoring mind.
But souls devoid of love appear
Swept by the frozen seas of fear
And passion's blasting wind.
- 3 Yet God is love and mercy still ;
The throes of pain obey His will
And His behests perform.
He stills the tempests when they blow,
And, with His love's refulgent bow,
He gilds the passing storm.
- 4 The bruised reed He will not break ;
His Mercy's beams the dead awake ;
Man loves and is forgiven ;
And, by His Holy Spirit's breath,
The heart renewed from sin and death,
Unfolds the form of Heaven.
-

70.—UNIVERSAL CHARITY.

L. M.

- 1 They who the starving poor have fed,
To Christ have given needful bread ;
Through human wants and woes and needs,
With thousand tongues the Savior pleads.

- 2 No fiction this, but truth divine ;
The soul is God's eternal shrine ;
He stands within the bosom door,
And feels the hunger of the poor.
- 3 Why should the proud disown, disdain
The outcast in her bitter pain,
When Christ the pure and undefiled,
Home to His bosom takes His child ?
- 4 There is no faith where love is dead ;
In vain the formal prayers are said ;
"They who the poor unheedful see,"
Our Master saith, "abandon me."
-

71.—REGENERATION.

L. M.

- 1 Hard was the rock of Horeb's mount
Till smitten by the prophet's rod ;
Then flowed the cool delicious fount,—
Bright symbol of the truth of God.
- 2 Smite, Lord! with words of power sublime,
The stony heart of man once more ;
Till, through the desert sands of time,
The living streams of mercy pour.

- 3 Dark rolled the waves of Jordan's flood,
Till at the brink the ark was seen ;
Then like a wall of glass they stood,
While joyful Israel crossed between.
- 4 Dwell Thou within our souls, O Lord !
Then death's cold sea, by mercy riven,
Shall part its waters at Thy word,
That we may journey home to Heaven.
-

72.—PRAYER.

S. M.

- 1 Prayer is the heart's desire ;
Prayer is the spirit's cry ;
The thought that leaps in living fire
When God is passing by.
- 2 Prayer is the lifted sword
That smites the tempter down ;
In prayer we rise to meet the Lord,
And win the victor's crown.
- 3 Prayer is the burning tree,
And God within it stands ;
Through prayer, O Lord ! we come to Thee,
And clasp our Savior's hands.

- 4 Prayer is the holy shrine
Where Angels with us meet ;
The path that leads through realms divine.
And ends at Jesus' feet.
- 5 Prayer is our flame by night,
Our moving cloud by day ;
And Angels hold us in their sight,
And guide us while we pray.
- 6 Prayer is the trump that wakes
The heart from sin's embrace.
Through prayer celestial morning breaks
From our Redeemer's face.
- 7 Prayer is the rod that parts
The waves of death's dark sea :
The nuptial song of wedded hearts
United, Lord ! to Thee.
-

73.—PRAYER FOR DIVINE PROTECTION.

8'S AND 7'S M.

- 1 Lord of Life ! to Heaven ascended,
Hear us in Thy church below ;
O'er the storm of sorrows ended,
Bend Thy love's bright promise-bow.

- 2 Dark the seas of tribulation
Round our ark of safety roar ;
Christ ! Thou monarch of creation,
We Thy saving help implore.
- 3 Frail is man, the fitful taper
Is life's mortal emblem now,
Shining through the midnight vapor,
On a flying vessel's prow.
- 4 Help us, Lord ! ere quenched we darken ;
To our prayer Thine ear incline.
Christ, thou God of Mercy ! harken—
Light our spirit's lamp from Thine.
-

74.—REGENERATE LIFE.

11's AND 10's M.

- 1 Life is a wakening into spheres elysian ;
A spirit-sunrise, full of light and love ;
The mind's enthronement and the heart's
fruition ;
The victory march through Angel-heavens
above.

- 2 Life is the inward spirit's resurrection
From the sepulchral tenement of fear ;
The joy, the peace, the beautiful perfection
Of souls in whom God's attributes appear.
 - 3 Life is an anthem of accordant voices,
Chanted throughout eternity's domain ;
The psalm wherein the universe rejoices,
While sun to sun repeats the long refrain.
 - 4 Life is the calm, sweet rapture of a spirit,
Whose form and faculties in God began ;
Who doth the universal Heaven inherit,
In perfect harmony with God and man.
-

75.—LIFE IN CHRIST.

C. M.

- 1 Life is the hour that lies between
Earth and the heavenly spheres ;
And merges, like some tranquil dream,
Of love's immortal years.
- 2 Life is the kindling of a star,
In heavenly skies to shine,
Where sin, nor strife, nor sorrow mar
The harmonies divine.

- 3 Life is the blooming of a flower,
Whose blossom shall impart
A fragrance to Love's Eden bower,
A joy to God's own heart.
- 4 Life is a strain of sacred love
The inmost spirit sings ;
Then rises to the spheres above,
While Heaven with gladness rings.
- 5 Life is a hymn of holy thought,
From God's paternal mind ;
A soul into his image wrought
And in his truth enshrined.
- 6 Life is, to be a beauteous part
Of Nature's perfect whole ;
To dwell in fellowship of heart
With the Creative Soul.
-

76.—CHILDHOOD.

C. M.

- 1 The spirit of the humblest child
From highest Heaven came down ;
A form of essence undefiled,
A star in God's own crown.

- 2 And, while we clasp it in our arms,
With purer eyes than we,
In heart and mind a thousand charms
Its Guardian Angels see.
- 3 Lo ! through the crystal of its eyes
The inward Heavens outshine ;
And e'en the outward's frail disguise,
O Lord of Heaven ! is Thine.
- 4 Give us, O Lord ! we humbly pray,
Through every child to see
Thy forming Spirit's living ray,
And there to worship Thee.
-

77.—HYMN OF NIGHT.

L. M.

- 1 The stars are sparks of burning sand ;
They fall, with measured sound sublime,
From the great hour-glass in God's hand,
And mete the flying years of time.
- 2 We watch them from our earthly ball ;
We hear their faint, mysterious hymn ;
From east to west we see them fall
Beyond the blue horizon's rim.

- 3 O burning hour-glass of the skies !
O sparks from glory's central sun !
Our spirits, while ye fall, arise,
In Love's eternal path to run.
- 4 From God ye roll in measured flight ;
Your glory fails beneath His feet.
To God we tend from light to light,
And all who love in Him shall meet.
-

78.—SPRING.

L. M.

- 1 The new creation comes again
To hill and vale, to brake and fen ;
The budding leaves and flowers come forth,
To make a paradise of earth.
- 2 A softer glory fills the sky ;
A balmier breeze is gliding by ;
The choral birds in rapture sing : —
“ It is the spring—it is the spring.”
- 3 Teach us, our Savior, still to see
In budding leaf and blooming tree,
In joy below, and bliss above,
The constant workings of Thy love.

- 4 Thou, Savior, hast the blossoms sown ;
The joy of nature is Thine own :
Thy breath perfumes the fragrant air ;
All living things Thy love declare.
- 5 All outward beauties, here unfurled,
Are outbirths of that inner world ;
Where Heaven in glory all complete,
Adores forever at Thy feet.
-

79.—SELF-RENUNCIATION.

L. M.

- 1 Deny thyself if thou wouldst gain
The upper world where Angels reign.
They walk alone with Christ above,
Who conquer self by perfect love.
- 2 They are the victors, they alone,
Who roll away love's burial stone,
And, from the cross where self expires,
Unfold the life that Heaven inspires.
- 3 They live to God who live to win
The erring heart from strife and sin,
Whose words and works of love express
The Savior's loving tenderness.

- 4 Deny thyself if thou wouldst gain
The upper world where Angels reign ;
They walk alone with Christ above
Who conquer self through perfect love.
-

80.—PROVIDENCE SPECIAL AND PARTICULAR.

S. M.

- 1 There's not a sparrow falls,
O Lord ! but from Thy hand.
There's not a soul on Thee that calls
But shall in glory stand.
- 2 While minds, to folly wed,
Thy works of grace disown,
Thou dost invite the faithful dead
To joys by Angels known.
- 3 From all below the span
Of Heaven, let praise ascend.
Our life, O Lord ! in Thee began ;
To Thee our love should tend.
- 4 Firm as Heaven's pillared aisles,
Thy Providence we see.
E'en sorrow like an Angel smiles,
To light our souls to Thee.

81—SCIENCE AND LOVE.

L. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 O they are wrong who fondly dream,
A form of words can save alone ;
'Tis like that petrifying stream
That turns the living rose to stone.
In vain we pluck the marble flowers,
In vain we press them to the heart ;
They lure no love-birds to the bowers,
No sweets their icy leaves impart.
- 2 And Science, with her golden key,
May open wide creation's door,
And bid the past eternity
For us great memory's gulf explore.
We drink the wine her hands have prest,
But, ah ! the icy draught we drain
Congeals the life-blood in the breast,
And thought consumes our days in vain.
- 3 But, see ! before life's bosom gates,
From faith's effulgent realm above,
A beauteous Angel meekly waits,
And Reason owns the virgin Love !
Thought feels her sway ; with magic art
She rolls the stone from wisdom's tomb ;
Creates a Heaven in mind and heart,
And bids the world like Eden bloom.

82.—EARTH'S FUTURITY.

L. M.

- 1 The lovely rainbow comes and goes ;
Spring blossoms like an annual rose ;
Through all its changes, Lord ! we see
Thy earth returning home to Thee.
 - 2 All things attest Thy saving grace ;
Thy Church shall train a nobler race,
To bear Thy truth from pole to pole.
And loose the chains from every soul.
 - 3 Help us, O Lord ! from day to day
To love and labor as we pray ;
Until Thy holy will is done
By all who dwell beneath the sun.
-

83.—TEMPERANCE.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Though roses round the festive bowl
In fragrant garlands cling,
Beware, for poison to the soul
The sparkling draught may bring.
The fair and young, the blithe and gay,
Have found within its wave,
The bosom's blight, the heart's decay,
The scaffold and the grave.

- 2 With fevered lips and lurid eyes
The ghastly victims tread,
Where Mercy weeps and Virtue flies,
And Faith and Love are dead.
Though Beauty's hand the cup prepare,
But look its depths within ;
The drunkard's doom is mirrored there—
The stormy fate of sin.
- 3 Where Health, the Angel, sits and sings,
Beneath her Iris bow,
She draws from limpid water springs,
The draught thy lips should know.
Then spurn the death-cup's fatal gleams,
And choose, with sages wise,
The vintage of the crystal streams,
The dew of Paradise.
-

84.—JOURNEYING TO HEAVEN.

L. M.

- 1 With silver feet the rivers tread,
Through green savannas wide and free,
With crystal from the mountains fed,
And marching on to meet the sea.

- 2 So through the fields of use below,
Fed by the Spirit and the Word,
Our souls in Duty's path would go,
To blend in union with the Lord.
- 3 With swift delight and willing haste
We journey, Lord ! with Thee to dwell ;
And find upon the burning waste
Samaria's palm and Jacob's well.
- 4 Thy voice is in the morning light ;
Thy glory guides us from above ;
And, in the cloudy tents of night,
We find the Angel of Thy love.
- 5 Our raiment only wears away,
Soon shall we lay its remnants down ;
And wake, attired in realms of day,
With Angel-robe and victor's crown.
-

85.—SPIRITUAL VISION.

C. M.

- 1 The outward orbs of sight conceal
The soul's immortal eyes ;
The first the earth and stars reveal —
The last the spirit-skies.

- 2 To one the orbs of Nature's heaven,
In silent beauty roll ;
But to the inward sight are given,
The Empires of the Soul.
- 3 To one Creation's outward dress,
A fading show appears ;
The last reveals the loveliness
Of Angels in their spheres.
- 4 Invisible to outward sight,
The dear departed stand,
Attired in robes of shining light—
A calm and radiant band.
- 5 To outward vision all unknown,
The wheels of being run,
The Heavens unroll their glittering zone,
And shines the Spirit Sun.
- 6 Pent in the narrow cell of time,
Our silent hearts are led,
Unconscious of their life sublime,
Down to the silent dead.
- 7 Faith sings that risen souls are near,
But few believe the tale ;
And misery sheds the bitter tear
In sorrow's gloomy vale.

- 8 And Reason pleads for life anew,
Beyond this fleeting breath ;
But Doubt sees nought but darkness thro'
The sunken eyes of death.
- 9 Sweet fields, adorned with living green,
To young Belief are known ;
But Heaven is all a baseless dream
For Folly's heart of stone.
- 10 In vain the ancient prophets plead,
Or chant their solemn strain ;
And mortals view the Savior bleed
Upon the cross in vain.
- 11 Thou, Lord ! thro' ages art the same,—
The Prophet's God and ours ;
Thine is the mind's undying flame,—
The soul's immortal powers.
- 12 Thou dost the darkness roll away ;
The earth was wrapt in gloom—
But now, our eyes the world survey
That shines beyond the tomb.
- 13 The inward sight Thou dost unvail,
The proof to man is given,
That, when the powers of nature fail,
The soul may rise to Heaven.

86.—DEPARTURE.

L. M.

- 1 When o'er the languid bosom flows
The silence of the last repose,
We feel the Lord's reviving breath,
And gently bid farewell to death.
- 2 When storms of mortal anguish roll,
A peaceful morning fills the soul ;
When, fixed in death, the eyes expand,
The spirit sees the Better Land.
- 3 With prayers, to sweetest music wed,
Surround the beauteous dying bed ;
A sweeter song from Heaven shall blend,
And, ah ! that song shall never end.
- 4 Hush every thought of mortal care ;
Break not the hallowed quiet there.
What hand unbinds the mortal cord ?
It is the Lord ! it is the Lord !
- 5 In Him we live, to Him return ;
Our hearts, to greet His coming, burn ;
His mercies all our days attend ;
We meet Him at our journey's end.

87.—DEATH OF THE AGED.

P. M.

- 1 O Age! thy silver crown
 Into the dust drops down.
O Death! thy sunset shadows close the eyes.
 Earth's weary winter ends ;
 The withered leaf descends ;
The wingèd seed is wafted to the skies.
- 2 What glorious visions ope,
 Beyond the cloudy cope
Of pent Mortality's contracted span?
 O Death where is thy sting?
 Now blooms the second spring,
And youth and love renew the aged man.
- 3 How sweet again to find
 The morning of the mind,
Free from the perishable dust's control;
 Midnight for morn to change,
 And, swift as thought, to range
The great and free Republics of the soul!
- 4 Give to the dust its own ,--
 Glad Soul ascend thy throne;
In triumph rise, the onward march is given.
 From sphere to sphere ascend ;
 Thy bliss shall never end,
For thine is life, love, harmony and heaven.

88.—DEATH OF A MOTHER.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 “Thou liest low, dear mother!
Thou canst not smile again.
In vain our grief we smother;
Suppress our tears in vain.
'Tis cold where thou art sleeping
In dark sepulchral rest;
But colder thoughts are keeping
Their watches in the breast.”
- 2 'Tis thus the outward weeper
Deplores the mother dead.
A clearer faith and deeper
On us to-day is shed.
Thou art not, mother, sleeping
In silence dark and drear;
Thy Angel-watch thou'rt keeping
Above thy children here.
- 3 Though round the dust in sorrow
We kneel, a stricken band,
Our hearts a comfort borrow
From Love's diviner land.
We lay the form that perished
In peace beneath the sod;
The mother that we cherished
Shall lead us home to God.

89.—DEATH OF THE LOVING.

L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the hour when spirits rise,
Of Heaven's untroubled peace possess.
What glory lights the inward eyes ?
What rapture thrills the inward breast ?
- 2 Breathe softly round the dying bed ;
A spirit-sound is on the air—
Angels, with music in their tread,
Move gently with the mourners there.
- 3 Soft are the spirit-hands that still
The pulses of the suffering clay,
And sweet the holy airs that thrill
The soul, in rapture borne away.
- 4 O blessed life of love and trust !
O peaceful world beyond the tomb !
Above the narrow house of dust
We see thy milk-white lilies bloom.
- 5 Heaven's shining gates are all ajar ;
The chariot-wheels of glory move ;
Loud swells the triumph from afar,
And Wisdom claims its radiant Love.

90.—THE RESURRECTION.

P. M.

- 1 Stoop calm o'er the bed where in silence he
 slumbers ;
 Withdraw the last vail from the vision away ;
Soft, soft, as the spice-wind, with fairy-like
 numbers,
 Unwind the last vesture that clings to the
 clay.
- 2 Now bear him above from the vision of mortals ;
 And sweet, and more sweet, let your anthem
 arise :
 “ Wake, loved one, awake ! with thy kindred Im-
 mortals,
 From slumbers of sorrow awake to the skies.”
- 3 Enrobe him, enrobe him, in vestures of morning,
 Whose touch shall with gladness the bosom
 inspire ;
 Now lead him on high in a Bridegroom's adorn-
 ing ;
 Sing welcomes before him with timbrel and
 lyre.
- 4 Dark, dark, was the night of mortality's anguish,
 And lonely the path that in virtue he trod ;
No more shall he hunger and sorrow and languish,
 But rest in the home of the Angels of God.

91.—DEATH OF THE PURE.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 At midnight, to a maiden's bed,
The Morning Angel came,
And crowned with light her beauteous
head,
And clothed her form with flame.
Her kindred came in shining state,
And led her by the hand,
Afar, through Mercy's golden gate,
Into the Sunrise Land.
- 2 With all the holy dead, who rest
Within the Lord's embrace,
She, who His Spirit here possessed,
Has found her dwelling-place.
'Tis thus the Good from earth depart.
Through paths by Angels trod:
And blessed are the pure in heart,
For they go home to God.
-

92.—THE DAUGHTER IN HEAVEN.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 "I think of death, sweet Mother mine!
A thorn is in my breast;
And still, by day and night I pine,
To sleep and be at rest.

The blessed Angels come by night,
And, on my bended knee,
I see their faces calm and bright ;
I know they wait for me.

2 "The holy stars are bright and clear,
And, when my prayers are said,
The blessed Angels gather near
And sing around my bed.
I cannot hear the words they sing.
But o'er my heart it flows
Like music thro' the fields of Spring.
When first the daisy blows.

3 "Dear Mother, shed no bitter tear,
For, when your darling dies,
She will but leave the body here
To dwell in Paradise.
The Angels whisper,—with a kiss
My eyes in sleep they close ;
To wake, they sing, in heavenly bliss,
When morning opes the rose."

4 'Tis thus the dying maiden sings ;
Called, in her girlhood's prime,
To dwell where first the rosebud springs
In Beauty's natal clime.

Strew flow'rs, strew flow'rs, of sweetest breath!
No cloud should dim our eyes,
For, hark! the risen Angel saith,
"I bless you from the skies."

93.—CHILDREN BORNE HOME BY ANGELS.

L. M.

- 1 "With roses crown his baby head;
Close with a kiss his tender eyes;
Strew lilies o'er his cradle bed,
For he shall wake in Paradise."
- 2 What music fills the silent room?
O list! the Guardian Angel sings:
"Our spirit rosebud springs to bloom,
Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings."
- 3 O Mother! look with inward eyes;
Dear heart! at once bereaved and blest.
Behold the infant Cherub rise;
He smiles upon an Angel's breast.
- 4 Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears;
Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given
To swell the music of the spheres,
To bear an Angel-babe for Heaven.

94.—THE CHILD IN HEAVEN.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 We yield thee to our Savior's arms,
Thou fair and gentle child,
With all thy spirit's holy charms
By evil undefiled.
He gave thee, for a transient breath,
Our inmost hearts to cheer;—
Rise, Angel! through the clouds of death,
And seek thy own bright sphere.
- 2 What starry crown is on thy brow,
In Love's refulgent land?
What vales of tranquil beauty now
Before thy sight expand?
We journey, through the night of age,
To seek the Spirit Sun:
Thou, dear one, hast thy pilgrimage
Of glory just begun.
- 3 We know, that, though we see thee not,
Thy gentle soul will be
A minister of holy thought,
Our hearts from sin to free.
Our silent hearts with love are full;
With thee our thoughts arise,
Our Blessed and our Beautiful.
Whose home is in the skies!

95.—DEATH IN CHRIST.

C. M.

- 1 Death is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain ;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall find again.
- 2 Death is the conqueror's welcome home ;
The heavenly city's door ;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life forever more.
- 3 Death is the close of life's alarms ;—
The watch-light on the shore ;—
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.
- 4 Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet ;—
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.
- 5 Death is a song from seraph lips ;—
The day-spring from on high ;—
The ending of the soul's eclipse,—
Its transit to the sky.

96.—DEATH IN CHRIST.

C. M.

- 1 "Farewell, farewell, thou setting sun!"
The dying Christian said;
My race, like thine, is almost run:
I seek my narrow bed."
- 2 "Not so, not so," an Angel cried;
"O brother, rise with me.
The Lord of Glory to His side
Hath sent to summon thee."
- 3 "Adieu, sweet friends of many years,"
The dying Christian said;
"I rise beyond the glittering spheres
To Glory's fountain-head."
- 4 "Say not adieu," the Angel cried,
"They, with their Lord who are,
In loving hearts may still abide,
As Morning in her star."
- 5 "They truly live, and they alone,"
The dying Christian said;
"Whose hearts the love of Christ have
known,
Who in his footsteps tread."

- 6 "Yea," said the Angel, "they who die
To self and follow Him
Shall rise, to thrones prepared on high,
Amid' the seraphim."
-

97.—THE BETTER LIFE.

L. M.

- 1 When twilight shadows veil the sky,
And life's last lingering pulse beats low,
'Tis sweet to feel that we can die,
And bid farewell to mortal wo.
- 2 The palsied hand. the aching breast,
The withered cheek, the faded eye,—
They vanish, like the empty nest,
When first the wild bird cleaves the sky.
- 3 But sweeter far, when death is o'er,
To gaze thro' love's unclouded eyes.
And gather flowers unknown before,
By the clear streams of Paradise.
- 4 There all of good we prized below
In nobler essence blooms above ;
And all our thoughts in music flow,
And all our being whispers "love."

98.—CONSOLATION FROM ANGELS.

L. M.

- 1 When Sorrow on the spirit feeds,
Like birds of night that seek their prey ;
When, wrung by grief, the bosom bleeds
In cold misfortune's tearful day :—
- 2 When sinks the soul, by care opprest ;
And woes abound, and friends are few ;
And Gladness, like a parting guest,
Reluctant says, " Adieu, adieu !"
- 3 'Tis sweet to hear an Angel sing,
In music to the listening ear,
" Hope on, sad heart ! eternal Spring
Is almost here !—is almost here !"
- 4 Then Angels burst the bars of doom ;
Then vernal flowers adorn the waste ;
Then sunshine gilds the mortal gloom,
And heavenly friends with welcomes haste.
- 5 For every tear there comes a smile ;
A joy for every pang is given ;
And Angel-guides appear the while,
And gently lead us on to Heaven.

99.—HEAVENLY COMMUNION.

C. M.

- 1 Sweet are the ties that bind in one
The family above,
For through their hearts the raptures run
Of God's eternal love.
- 2 There everlasting Spring unfolds
The flowers of every clime,
And every form the mind beholds
Is beauteous and sublime.
- 3 God's love is glory in the sky,
And music in the air;
And every breath is melody,
And every thought a prayer.
- 4 No self contracts the ardent breast,
No thought of mine or thine;
But those in beauty crown the rest
Whose hearts are most divine.
- 5 These are the Angel-friends who come,
When night is calm and still,
With visions of their blessed home
Our quickened hearts to thrill.

- 6 Upon the suffering martyr's way
Hope's brilliant light they shed ;
To every child of wo they say,
" Dear heart, be comforted "
- 7 Give us, our Father ! so to live,
That we may feel and see,
Those fairest Angels who receive
Their life's sweet love from Thee.
-

100.—THE CELESTIAL GUARDIAN.

L. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 O Psyche ! with the golden flame
Upspringing from thy vestal hand ;
O'er every child of grief and shame
In radiant guise we see thee stand.
Celestial Love ! with fearless feet
'Tis thine with suffering man to tread ;
Thou art the first the child to greet ;
Thou art the last to leave the dead.
- 2 O Psyche ! with the golden vase
Of spirit-fragrance pure and sweet ;
Thou dost anoint the leper's face,
And stoop to kiss the beggar's feet.

Celestial Love ! with fearless feet,
'Tis thine with suffering man to tread ;
Thou art the first the child to greet ;
Thou art the last to leave the dead.

3 O Psyche ! with the golden scroll
Of hope and mercy to thee given ;
Thou bearest every human soul
Some word of hope from mercy's heaven.
Celestial Love ! with fearless feet,
'Tis thine with suffering man to tread ;
Thou art the first the child to greet ;
Thou art the last to leave the dead.

4 O Psyche ! with the golden bloom
Held in thy white immortal palm ;
Thou pourest o'er the bed of doom
Heaven's living breath, the soul to calm
Celestial Love ! with fearless feet,
'Tis thine with suffering man to tread ;
Thou art the first the child to greet ;
Thou art the last to leave the dead.

5 O Psyche ! in the golden gate,
Beneath the fragrant myrtle tree,
Thou dost the child immortal wait :
Heaven's first sweet welcome is from thee.

Celestial Love ! with happy feet,
'Tis thine with risen man to tread ;
Thine first the Angel child to greet ;
Thine last to leave the dying bed.

101.—MUSIC ON THE WATERS

12'S AND 11'S M.

- 1 Oh ! lone is the spirit on life's troubled ocean,
With tempests around it and torrents below,
Till calm o'er the breast the pure thoughts of
devotion,
Like airs from the gardens of Paradise blow.
- 2 'Tis sweet, as we glide o'er the cold waves of
sorrow,
To think of the loved who have vanished be-
fore ;
We know they are blest ; we shall meet them
to-morrow ;
We pass o'er the deep, and they call from the
shore.

- 3 They haste in their joy o'er the waters to meet
us,
The love-lighted waves of the ocean of rest ;
And sweet are their songs as they tenderly greet
us,—
They bring us kind words from the Land of
the blest.
- 4 They still the wild billows of trouble around us,
The Eden of Love they unvail to the sight ;
And peace with its garland of lilies hath crown'd
us,
And Mercy hath robed us with vestures of
light.
-

102.—COMMUNION WITH DEPARTED FRIENDS.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 O lay thy hand upon my head,
And let me feel thy smile ;
I cannot think that thou art dead,
But gone before a while.
Still, still, I think I hear thee speak,—
'Tis not the wind that sighs,—
And feel thy kiss upon my cheek
When night is in the skies.

- 2 Between me and the silent stars
I see thy spirit move ;
Thy touch my inmost heart unbars
And love communes with love.
O lull me with a spirit-song,
Till sleep mine eyelids close ;
And let it linger all night long,
Like dew-drops on the rose.
- 3 I know thou dwellest, clothed in white.
In Heaven's immortal sphere ;
Yet still, beside me all the night,
I feel thy spirit here.
I bless thee, dear, with every breath,
I clasp thy loving hand ;
O lead me on through life and death,
Into the Better Land.
-

103.—THE RIVER OF LIFE.

P. M.

- 1 Flow gently, flow gently, thou river of light,
From the throne of the holy I Am ;
In melody flow from the land of delight,
From the temple of God and the Lamb.

- 2 Baptize us, sweet river of mercy and love,
And cleanse us from folly and sin,
Till all thy bright ripples in melody move,
And songs of affection within.
- 3 From the truth and the love of the Savior on high,
Bright river in melody flow ;
And bathed in thy waters from self we would die,
The joys of the Angels to know.
-

104.—THE DOVE IN THE HEART.

P. M.

- 1 There's an Angel-dove in the peaceful breast,
The music of Heaven is on its wings,
By the spirit of song is its voice possest,
And love is the strain that the bright one sings.
- 2 There's a brooding call in its mellow note,
Like a mother-dove to her callow young ;
And its strains thro' the heart in a rapture float,
And it sings of the skies with an Angel-tongue.
- 3 There's no human breast, with its love that swells,
But throbs to the pulse of that inward strain ;
Of the loved in Heaven its music tells,
We shall meet again—we shall meet again.

- 4 Through the heart it steals like a living stream
Thro' the vales of peace in the Angel home ;
And it trances the soul in a sacred dream,
Of the better life in the world to come.
-

105.—MINISTERING ANGELS.

C. P. M.

- 1 In every human soul we find
Some trace of God's indwelling Mind,
Some token of His grace ;
And, when the night of fear is past,
The spirit wakes, to find at last
Its home in God's embrace.
- 2 The providence that works by love,
Through Angels from the spheres above,
To lowest earth comes down ;
For every child of want it brings
An empire with celestial kings—
A scepter and a crown.

- 3 Baptized in blood for glorious deeds,
O'er falling thrones and flaming creeds,
 The Martyr Angels throng;
Through quickened minds and hearts below
We hear their golden trumpets blow
 A fiery peal and long.
- 4 Give us, O Lord, our God, to be
The mediums of Divinity,
 Like Angels great and wise;
With them to labor and to wait
Till Thou dost ope the morning gate
 And call us to the skies.
-

106.—THE ANGELS OF LIBERTY.

9'S AND 8'S M.

- 1 The Angels of Freedom are calling,
 Their music is borne from the sky;
The chains of the bondsman are falling;
 The jubilee morning is nigh.
Now chant ye the mighty evangel,
 And hasten the spirit to free;
For liberty's beautiful Angel
 Hath come from the Father to thee.

2 There is not a bosom but pineth
To burst from all slavish control ;
To bask in the brightness that shineth
To day from the Infinite Soul.
Make way for the life-bringing Angel,
And hasten the spirit to free ;
For liberty's holy evangel
Hath come from the Father to thee.

3 The stars in their glory are singing ;
The race of oppression is run ;
For slaves into heroes are springing,
And love binds the nations in one.
Christ comes in the Liberty-Angel ;
He hastens the spirit to free,
And speaks through the holy evangel
That comes from the Father to thee

107.—THE DEPARTED MINISTERING SPIRITS.

C. M.

1 Ye all are here, ye Beautiful,
Ye loved of other years ;
As Heaven with singing stars is full,
Ye gather in your spheres.

Your souls are lamps of golden light
That gild our pilgrim way,
Alike in sorrow's weary night
And joy's effulgent day.

2 Ye all are here, ye Beautiful,
And still your love impart ;
Ye sing to us, " Be merciful,
Be pure and true in heart."
Ye bid us build our life sublime,
In virtue's lofty plan ;
And fill the pictured halls of time
With love to God and man.

3 Ye all are here, ye Beautiful !
His endless praise ye sing,
Whom prophets called the Wonderful,
The Savior and the King.
" Hosanna to the Lord," ye cry,
" He bids our sorrow cease ;
His mercy fills with love the sky,
And crowns the world with peace."

108.—VOICES OF ANGELS.

L. M.

- 1 What music thrills the inward ear
When spirit kindred whisper near?
How sweet the hallowed numbers move,—
'Tis more than song; 'tis life—'tis love!
- 2 O glorious power those dear ones own,
To speak in many a tender tone,
More sweet, more soft, and yet the same;
So Christ to His disciples came.
- 3 We know not oft they linger near,
Till heavenly songs of hope and cheer
Compose us to a perfect peace,
And bid our every sorrow cease.
- 4 Like love-birds in immortal bowers,
Like perfumes from celestial flowers,
Those hallowed strains their life impart,
And wake sweet echoes in the heart.
- 5 No more we grieve, no more repine,
Our souls in mercy's arms recline,
Till Angel-songs shall bid them rise
To endless worship in the skies.

109.—COMMUNION WITH DEPARTED FRIENDS.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Like love-birds in a jasmine tree,
In some far Indian isle,
Thy thoughts, Beloved, come to me,
When thou from Heaven dost smile.
I wait thee in my lonely bower,
From all the world apart,
And feel thee in that sacred hour,
Beloved of my heart!
- 2 I pluck for thee my fairest rose,
And sing my sweetest song,
For well I know thy spirit goes
Beside me all day long;
And, when the tranquil night comes down,
And stars their beauty shed,
I see thy radiant Angel-crown
In star-light o'er my bed.
- 3 Draw near, Beloved—nearer still,
And speak as well as shine,
And hallow, by thy better will,
This feeble heart of mine.
I would not pine that thou art gone,—
Thy Angel-crown I see,—
But help me still to journey on,
Till thou canst come for me.

110.—MUSIC FROM THE SPIRIT SHORE.

L. M.

- 1 The outward world is dark and drear
When friends we love are seen no more ;
But hark ! their happy songs we hear
In music from the spirit shore.
 - 2 We wake no more by night to mourn ;
They are not lost, but gone before ;
And still their loving thoughts are borne
In music from the spirit shore.
 - 3 With cheerful steps to Heaven we move ;
Our mortal toils will soon be o'er ;
Then all the Angels of our love
Will greet us on the spirit shore.
 - 4 Our Father God, for this we pray ;
That we may bear thine image more,
And do Thy will in love always,
Like Angels on the spirit shore.
-

111.—FRIENDS IN PARADISE.

L. M.

- 1 Within the heart, with folded wing,
When night is shining in the skies,
The sweet affections softly sing
Of Spirit-friends in Paradise.

- 2 When day in golden robe is drest,
And stars are hid from mortal eyes,
Their voices whisper in the breast,
Of Spirit-friends in Paradise.
- 3 O could we all the world forget,
And bear the truth without disguise,
Our hearts might hear the love-tones yet
Of Spirit friends in Paradise.
- 4 There is no king upon his throne,
No beggar at his door that lies,
But hath an Angel all his own,
And Spirit-friends in Paradise.
- 5 Help us, O Lord ! while here we meet,
Thy will to do, Thy word to prize ;
That we may worship at Thy feet
With Spirit-friends in Paradise.
-

112.—HEAVEN.

6 6'S AND 8'S M.

- 1 Bound in the golden span
Of love's eternal years,
Untrod by mortal man,
Our heavenly home appears ;

Its glories shine with beams so bright,
No outward eyes can bear the sight.

2 There Christ the Savior reigns
 And all His image bear;
 No griefs nor woes nor pains
 Molest the dwellers there.
It is the home of pure delight,
No outward eyes can bear the sight.

3 Upon those shining plains,
 And in those peaceful vales,
 Eternal sunshine reigns,
 And endless morn prevails.
O blessed home of love and light !
No outward eyes can bear the sight.

4 O Christ, our Savior ! come,
 And bear us to Thy rest.
We long to find our home
 With Angels pure and blest.
Dispel the gloomy clouds of night,
And give us grace to bear the sight.

113.—CHRIST ADORED BY THE FIRST-BORN ANGELS.

C. M.

- 1 In raiment of revolving skies
I saw the Savior stand ;
And, in the brightness of His eyes,
The light of Morning Land.
 - 2 From mountains in the east afar
Came, hastening to His feet,
The Angels of the first-born star,
In glorious love complete.
 - 3 I heard them sing a song of praise
To Christ the only Lord ;
Their thought shone forth in burning rays
Of wisdom from the Word.
 - 4 And thus they sang, " Thou wert before
The universe began ;
Thou art the Lord, forevermore,
Of universal man.
-

114.—LOVE IN HEAVEN.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 Beneath the churchyard's grassy mold
Thy lambs, O Lord ! Thou dost not fold ;
They sleep not while the world is made
For them one huge sepulchral shade ;

With ashes on the forehead pressed
And grave-mold heaped upon the breast.

2 They rise ! they shine ! with ravished ears
They list the music of the spheres ;
For them the stars make roundelay,
The rosy hours attend their way,
The Heavenly Loves their brows entwine,
Death's cup of tears is turned to wine.

3 Up to Thy courts, O Lord ! they tread,
With beauty clothed, with blessings fed.
Nor, Father, is it wrong for those
Who loved on earth, despite its woes,—
Long parted,—there to meet, and blend
In hallowed raptures without end.

115.—VISION OF HEAVEN.

6 L. L. M.

1 When, robed in silver flame, the night
Displays its jewels to the sight,
The outward glory that appears
But hides from view celestial spheres.
For every outward orb that shines
The soul a nobler Heaven divines.

- 2 To God the stars are sparks of sand,
The suns but brilliants on His hand.
One living soul is dearer far
To Him than every fixed star ;
And worlds and Heavens to Him are fair,
Because He sees His children there.
- 3 There is in man no real worth
But from Indwelling God hath birth.
To man all forms of nature tend,
He is creation's final end,
And springs to being from the sod,
The child, the type, the breath of God.
- 4 We gaze by night when stars appear,—
In form more vast, in light more clear,
When inward sight the vail withdraws,
And faith adores the great First Cause,
The sphere of spirit-life we see—
Past, present, evermore to be.
- 5 O insight clear ! O vision grand !
Round every star a Spirit-land !
Wide, luminous, through space out-roll
The shining empires of the soul.
From every world the Angels rise ;
One great republic fills the skies.

116.—SPIRITUAL CREATIONS.

L. M.

- 1 The love that blissful Angels know,
Is like the mild mid-summer's glow ;
It gilds the endless morning hours,
And ripens into fruits and flowers.
- 2 See where, in Heaven's pure ether, stand
The temples of the Sunrise Land !
From Angel-thoughts, and Angel-deeds
They grew, as flowers from living seeds.
- 3 Mark where, in jeweled zones, unroll
The lovely empires of the soul.
In love the Angel World began ;
Love builds the destined home of man.
- 4 We form our future, day by day ;
And Angels, in their sphere, survey
The thoughts, from love that spring to birth,
More bright than Heaven, more firm than
earth.
- 5 When thoughts to living acts have grown,
They rise in monumental stone ;
And life's long act of thought shall be
Rock-built into eternity.

117.—THE LIFE OF LOVE.

S. H. M.

- 1 Blessed are the dead, who die
 When the loving life is done ;
For them opes the Angel-sky,
 Shines for them the Spirit Sun.
All their toils and tears are o'er ;
They are blest for evermore.

 - 2 Room for loving Mary's found
 Still in Heaven at Jesus' feet ;
There her voice hath sweetest sound,
 Made by perfect love complete.
Woman here by love may be
Nearest to Divinity.

 - 3 Better far for love to live,
 Better far for love to die,
Than to reign where nations give
 Thrones and crowns of royalty.
They who love the most shall stand
Nearest at the Lord's right hand.
-

118.—HEAVEN AND ITS DELIGHTS.

S. M.

- 1 Beyond the narrow span
Of these revolving skies,
Untrod by mortal man,
A glorious region lies.
- 2 Sweet are the ties that bind
Its Angel hosts in one ;
Like thoughts of God's own mind
Life's brightening race they run.
- 3 The Father's boundless grace
Metes out the shining years ;
The Savior's beauteous face
Through every mind appears.
- 4 All in His glory reign,
And all His image bear ;
No pang of mortal pain
Invades the bosom there.
- 5 Theirs is a fixed employ,
They visit man below,
And find their endless joy
'Mid scenes of human woe.

- 6 To every child of light
A soul in charge is given,
To guide the life aright
And lead it home to Heaven.
-

119.—CELESTIAL FLOWERS.

C. M.

- 1 When, in the busy haunts of men,
The meek immortals tread,
A fragrance from the Spirit Land
Upon our souls they shed.
- 2 For, not like flowers of earthly mold,
The flowers of Heaven are found
In Angel-hearts, where holy loves
In deathless bloom abound.
- 3 And when, 'mid earthly toils, they meet
The dear ones of their care,
They pluck a thorn from every breast
And plant a blossom there.
- 4 Then be it ours, through gentle deeds
Of pure and perfect love,
To sow in human hearts the seeds
Of flowers that bloom above.

120.—FORGET NOT THE LOVED.

10'S AND 9'S M.

- 1 Forget not the loved, they are thinking of thee
In their home on the Paradise shore ;
From the fever and passion of earth they are free,
And the night of their anguish is o'er.
 - 2 But still as they gaze thro' their soul-kindled eyes,
On the Lord in His glory above,
They thrill to the heart as they feel the sweet ties
Of the past,—and its morning of love.
 - 3 They talk in their speech, like the music of birds,
Of the dear ones they treasure below ;
And they sweep o'er the bosom's mysterious
chords,
And awake the sweet love-thoughts that flow.
 - 4 Then think of the loved, on the Paradise shore ;
From Earth's passionate thirst they are free,
And their hearts like a fount of glad music run
o'er,
For still they are thinking of thee.
-

121.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 We know thou art not far away,
 Thou Child, our hearts deplore,
For, ever since thy dying day,
 We feel thee more and more.
Thou art a glorious Angel now,
 An Angel meek and mild ;
A spirit-crown is on thy brow,—
 Thou who wert here a child.
- 2 What beams of spirit sunlight fell
 Upon thy dying face,
When thou didst bid the world farewell,
 And pass the bounds of space ?
The shepherd came, while still we plead,—
 We felt, but could not see,—
And to our little lamb he said,
 “ Arise and follow me.”
- 3 O Christ ! thou Shepherd of the sheep,
 On us Thy grace bestow ;
Our souls in peace and safety keep
 While in Thy fold below.
Dwell in our hearts till we become
 From sin and error free ;
Then take us to our Angel-home,
 To find our Child in Thee.

122.—CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

7'S AND 6'S M.

- 1 Where bloom celestial roses,
The Angel-children stray ;
Each infant heart uncloses,
Like flowers at dawn of day.
By mortal sin unblighted,
They live beyond the tomb ;
There, to the Lord united,
His love-land roses bloom.
- 2 Their beauteous human nature
Reflects His life Divine ;
Transformed in mind and feature,
In Seraph-grace they shine.
In robes of light invested
Before the Lord they stand ;
Their hearts, like doves, are nested
Within His hollow hand.
- 3 With every morn's unclosing
In clearer truth they rise ;
With every eve's reposing
They feel His guardian eyes.
Then, from the world of glory,
In radiant bands they move,
To sing below the story
Of His redeeming love.

123.—THE FOOD OF ANGELS.

- 1 Where, in their blissful Paradise,
They dwell whom we call "dead,"
An influx from the Lord supplies
The place of daily bread :

And inward truth and inward good
In flowers and fruits unfold ;
This is the sweet, celestial food
That Angels there behold.
 - 3 It melts like music on the tongue,
Like perfume on the air,
And keeps the heart, as morning, young,
As beauty, ever fair.
 - 4 Lord of that blessed Paradise,
Our hearts by Thee are fed ;
Our prayers in faith to Thee arise;
Give us that living bread.
-

124.—THE LANGUAGE OF HEAVEN.

C. M.

- 1 There is a language of the skies
Which every Angel knows ;
The heart conceals its melodies,
As perfume fills the rose.

- 2 This is the song that, free from death,
The love born Seraph hears,—
The waftings of the Savior's breath,
The music of the spheres.
- 3 One voice through every Angel-soul
Flows from the Savior's mind ;
Released from Nature's dim control
Its golden speech we find.
- 4 This is our glorious mother tongue;
At last God's love shall be,
In its unmeasured music, sung
By all Humanity.
-

125.—THE SEASONS OF HEAVEN.

C. M.

- 1 The seasons of the Heavenly Land
Compose a glorious trine :
Love, Wisdom, Use, with threefold band,
In three glad Seasons shine.
- 2 There Love leads forth th' immortal Spring
And sows her smiles in flowers,
And bids her sweet affections wing
With music to her bowers.

- 3 There Wisdom crowns the gifts of Love
With Thought's divine increase ;
They sow the flowers of light above,
And reap the fruits of peace.
- 4 There Use with plenty fills the year ;
The Seasons, three in one,
Fill with delight the radiant sphere
Where shines the Spirit Sun.
-

126.—CELESTIAL ANGELS.

P. M.

- 1 Far away o'er the waters of sorrow,
The Land of the Loving appears,
And our hearts in their loneliness borrow
A joy from the beautiful spheres.
- 2 But fairest where all is perfection,
And purest where all is divine,
The Angels of Holy Affection
In tender effulgence outshine.
- 3 While mortals like shadows are moving
Through troubles and tears to the tomb,
They live in the rapture of loving—
The blessing, the beauty, the bloom.

- 4 They come with the dew in the roses
When twilight is fading away,
And the soul like a blossom uncloses,
To bloom in the infinite day.
- 5 They come when the sky-lark is singing,
And morning is blushing again ;
The skies with their music are ringing,—
Peace, mercy and love unto men.
- 6 They come in our holiest hours,
When love the heart's inmost unbars,
Like Spring with its fragrance of flowers,
Like night with its glory of stars.
-

127.—THE HOME OF THE BELOVED.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Where is thy home ? thou Angel bright,
No more we see thy face ;
O tell us in what happy light
Thou hast thy dwelling place ?
O whisper from yon peaceful skies,
And tell us where thou art ?
In silent love thy sweet replies
Shall melt into the heart.

- 2 Hark! from the Heaven the answer falls;
 "Write, blessed are the dead;
They reign in glory's boundless halls
 Whose hearts to Christ are wed.
As dew-drops melt within the rose
 Their souls with Jesus blend,
Yet everywhere His mercy flows
 They in His name descend."
- 3 Where is thy home, thou Angel bright?
 O tell us from thy rest
What beauteous visions fill thy sight?
 What loves delight thy breast?
What glories light thy home above,
 To outer sense unknown?
And oh! what faithful bosoms move
 In union with thine own?
- 4 Ten thousand thousand hearts in one
 Prolong the answering strain;
"Like stars that shine within the sun,
 In Christ we live and reign.
We see the mercies of His love
 More glorious far than space,
And kindred souls to Jesus move,
 And blend in His embrace."

128.—THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 When God descends to mortal men
The Golden Age begins again ;
The earth renews its wasted prime ;
The soul aspires, in faith sublime,
The Angel-world to feel and see,
And penetrate eternity.
- 2 O God ! our spirits wake, and, while
We meet in Zion's holy pile,
The spirit of Thy Word unroll,
To light and guide and bless the soul ;
Till, rapt from time and sense apart,
We rest within Thy very heart.
- 3 God of the Fathers ! Thou hast given
The Ancient Times their ancient Heaven ;
Within that Heaven they taste and see
How near to Angels thou canst be ;
Thou dost their spirits all inspire,
They are Thy inner temple's choir.
- 4 Give us to view their shining day,
Till we, as pure and true as they,
In Thy reflected image glow,
While Angels guard Thy church below :
In us and with us, Lord ! abide,
Till earth becomes Immanuel's bride.

129.—THE MARTYRS.

C. M.

- 1 Through tribulation's fiery seas
Of old the Martyrs trod,
And now they are our witnesses,
Before the throne of God.
- 2 Shall we forget the cross they bore,
The holy words they spake,
The chains they once for Jesus wore,—
The scaffold and the stake?
- 3 Children could brave the torture then,
And maidens calmly die:
Such power, O Lord! to mortal men
Descends when Thou art nigh:
- 4 By faith the fiery sea they crossed,
Exulting in Thy love;
And now they keep their pentecost
In Zion's courts above.
- 5 Inspire our hearts for lives divine
Of martyr courage, Lord!
Till the millennial glories shine
Above a world restored.

130.—GOD IN NATURE AND THE WORD.

C. M.

- 1 Thy omnipresent life, O God !
Through Nature's face we see ;
That life in man is shed abroad,
And Angels live in Thee.
- 2 All things Thy presence, Lord ! declare
Through earth and Heaven above :
The vail, that makes the world so fair,
Is woven by Thy love.
- 3 But we without Thy grace are dead ;
No forms of human art
Renew the mind, till Thou dost shed
Thy Spirit on the heart.
- 4 To loving eyes Thou dost unveil
Thy attributes divine :
In every flower that decks the vale
Thy Spirit hath its shrine :
- 5 There all who seek to do Thy will
May still commune with Thee,
As once, on Horeb's holy hill,
Beneath the burning tree.

- 6 But, in Thy Word's interior sense,
A clearer sight is given
Of that eternal Providence
That guides us home to Heaven.
-

131.—GOD WITH THE HEART.

C. M.

- 1 It is a lyre of many strings,—
This human heart of ours ;
In every chord an Angel sings,
'Tis wreathed with spirit flowers :
- 2 It stands beside the golden door
Where all God's thoughts come forth,
And all those thoughts their music pour
Through all its chords to earth.
- 3 God's harp of many strings ! no hand
Of act or wish profane,
No breath from Sin's delusive land
Should jar its mystic strain :
- 4 But, deep on every quivering chord,
In love's immortal bars,
Should thrill the one eternal Word
That woke the morning stars.

132.—THE MARTYRS DIVINE MESSENGERS.

C. M.

- 1 No need is there of shield or sword
 Upon the plains of Heaven ;
White vestures, woven from the Word,
 To Martyr-souls are given.
- 2 They lay their earthly armor by
 When outward conflicts cease ;
And all their thoughts are melody,
 And all their days are peace.
- 3 But, shining through the holy will,
 A spirit sword is seen,
To pierce the sphere of nether ill,—
 As lightning swift and keen ;
- 4 Forged in the heart's most inward heat,
 From wisdom's burning bars,
And tempered then with mercy sweet,
 And jeweled with the stars :
- 5 The truths of God within it burn ;
 Its spirit is the Word ;
And, armed with it, to earth return
 The Martyrs of the Lord.

- 6 Though hosts encamp around us here,
From worlds of nether night,
One Angel from the martyr sphere
Shall daunt them with affright.
-

133—THE LORD WITH MAN.

C. M.

- 1 I heard a Voice by night that said,
“Arise and follow me.”
I woke and sought, with eager tread,
O Lord! to follow Thee.
- 2 In duty's pathway, stained with blood,
And wet with sorrow's tears,
And on the waves of trial's flood
Thy sacred form appears.
- 3 Upon temptation's desert waste,
And in the shrines of prayer,
Thou standest, and I fain would taste
The strength Thou givest there.
- 4 Where Angels pour sweet fragrance down,
Thou art a willing guest,—
Thy life their joy, Thy light their crown,
Thy heart within the breast.

- 5 I follow in the steps of Spring,—
Thy path is sown with flowers:
Where Summer's birds in concert sing
Thy voice inspires their powers.
- 6 I find Thee in the morning light;
I take the morning's wings,
And view Thee where the vaulted night
With praise and worship rings.
- 7 Thou art the glorious All in all,
And everywhere I see
Thy present love, and hear Thy call,
"Arise and follow me"
-

134.—FAITH, USE AND CHARITY.

7's M.

- 1 Faith and Use and Charity
In the holy heart agree;
And they form an inner sun,
All whose rays are three in one.
- 2 Three-fold shines the light they give;
Three degrees within them live;
And the Lord by faith we find
When His love inspires the mind.

3 Three bright Heavens above us glow ;
Three-fold shines the mercy bow ;
Three-fold, on the Spirit-coast,
Worship the Angelic Host.

4 Faith and Use and Charity
Form a shrine for Deity ;
In their trine we know the Word ;
In them we behold the Lord.

135.—HOLINESS OF THE WORD.

6 L. L. M.

1 Within the sacred Scriptures shine
The graces of the Man Divine ;
Whate'er the outward sense may be
The inmost word is Deity :
So in the flower His Spirit lives,
And form and fragrance both He gives.

2 All is divine ; with holy awe
We read that pure and perfect law ;
Through its effulgent vails are given
The inmost truths of every Heaven ;
By it the heavenly sphere descends ;
In it the heart with Jesus blends.

- 3 Like Jacob's ladder, we behold,
Upon its rounds of shining gold,
The Guardian Angels come and go,
Inspired with love for man below :
We clasp it, and, like Aaron's rod,
It blossoms from the life of God.
- 4 Book of the Fathers! in its page
We find the ancient Golden Age,
Once more we hear the songs they sung,
And speak the loved ancestral tongue
Enjoy their states of peaceful mind,
And rest in Paradise enshrined.
- 5 Book of the Angels! there we read
Of God Messiah's other seed.
We scale the sovereign heights, that rise
From every earth through all the skies ;
And tread the spiral paths that run
Converging round the Spirit Sun.
-

136.—CHILDREN WHO ARE ANGELS.

L. M.

- 1 I saw an Angel, crowned so bright,
That, when I gazed upon the sight,

My spirit drank the light it gave
And sang, "The Lord is strong to save."

- 2 It was the crown prepared for those
Who pluck their love's immortal rose,
And lay it, as an offering sweet,
To Christ the Lord, at duty's feet.
- 3 Then came a Child, once infant small,
Now fairer far than Angels all,
And thus He said, "This crown shall be
For that young child who follows Me."
-

137.—GROWTH AND REGENERATION.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 "Grow leaf, spring seed," the south wind sings,
Wind of the summer days;
Then, like a crown, the dust up-springs
To greet the solar rays,
Changed by their light and heat to forms
Of beauty, love and grace;—
So, when the soul its use performs,
A fairer life we trace.

- 2 "Grow heart, spring love," the Spirit sings
 Who rules in loving breast ;
Then holy deeds find angel-wings
 And fly from east to west ;
And faith and charity go forth,
 While strife and error cease,
And God beholds a purer earth
 Of beauty, love and peace.
- 3 "Spring strife, grow hate," the north wind
 sings,
 The wind of inward wrong ;
Then murder's poison tree up-springs
 In hearts for evil strong,
To blight the mind and blast the soul,
 And curse the life He gave,
Till storms the dying day control,
 And mercy finds a grave.
- 4 "Spring faith and love in human hearts,"
 O Lord ! to-day we sing,
"Till strife shall drop its poisoned darts,
 And hate its venom'd sting."
Blow south wind of the summer time,
 Breath of a Savior's love,
Till earth becomes an angel-clime,
 Like Paradise above.

138.—CHRIST REVEALED WITHIN.

C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the hour when Christ unveils
His image in the breast;
A boundless bosom-peace prevails,
And in His love we rest.
- 2 The world without may nail our hands
Upon the martyr tree;
But, in the breast, Messiah stands,
To set the spirit free.
- 3 And Satan round the soul may strive
The Savior's shrine to mar,
But while by love in Christ we live
He holds our foes afar.
- 4 In all we think and do and see,
A present Lord we find,
While still we pray that all may be
The temples of His mind.
- 5 Then shed abroad Thy inward life,
Thy presence, Lord! impart,
Until the Bride, Immanuel's wife,
Is formed in every heart.

139.—SPIRITUAL YEARNINGS.

P. M.

- 1 Say, what means this inward pining
Where'er we rove?
Heart, within the breast reclining,
Longs for its love.
Vain is earthly pomp and pleasure,
Vain is human crown or treasure,
While our days in grief we measure;—
Heaven is above.
- 2 All our days in pain we languish,
Till we behold
Spheres beyond our mortal anguish,
Joys never told.
Through the Word the night is riven,
There we find our sins forgiven.
Christ unveils the bliss of Heaven,
Hearts to enfold.
- 3 Say what means this peace within us,
Dark is the night?
Christ into His love doth win us,
Crowned with delight.
Cold the world may seem and dreary,
But our hearts are always cheery,
And our souls are never weary,
Clothed all in white.

- 4 We are waiting for the morning,
Morn of the skies,
Truth and peace our souls adorning,
Soon to arise :
Bridegroom's voice in music flowing,
Bridal joys our hearts foreknowing,
Bridegroom's arms with rapture glowing,
His heart our prize.
-

140.—HEAVENLY LANGUAGE.

C. M.

- 1 We find our vanished friends again,
And know them where they dwell ;
Their thoughts within our bosoms then
Chime like a marriage bell.
- 2 No need is there of mortal tongue
Their glory to impart ;
Their joys by heavenly loves are sung,
That fly from heart to heart.
- 3 The birds of Heaven have human speech ;
Those choralists of love
Celestial truths to all may teach
Who breathe the airs above.

- 4 The flowers, that, with their subtle airs,
 Perfume that upper space,
Exhale their life in vocal prayers,
 Sweet with an inward grace.
- 5 So language ripens in the sky,
 And, with angelic voice,
No breeze from Heaven that wanders by
 But bids our hearts rejoice.
-

141.—HYMN OF WAKING.

C. M.

- 1 With golden trump the morning wakes
 The world from sleep's embrace,
While, through the sun, a radiance breaks
 From God Messiah's face.
- 2 We bid our angel-friends adieu :
 From far, celestial bowers
We speed, in earth-forms, to renew
 The use that crowns the hours.
- 3 We heard by night, with spirit-ear,
 The hymns of Heaven above ;
Those choral strains we warble here
 In works of constant love.

- 4 So inward life, through outward form,
Shall from the Lord be given,
A rainbow set amidst the storm,
A star let down from Heaven.
-

142.—HYMN OF SLEEP.

C. M.

- 1 Folded within the rose of sleep
Our mortal powers recline ;
Thou Savior ! dost our spirits keep,
Imparadised in Thine.
- 2 Thou dost bestow the shining day
For outward growth and grace ;
But in the night our souls survey
Thy own beloved face.
- 3 With spirit senses all awake
Our nobler life we find,
While Heaven's unbounded glories break
On the transported mind.
- 4 O gift of gifts ! a two-fold sphere
Of life and use is ours,
And, while our forms on earth appear,
From Heaven we own our powers.

143.—THE NEW BORN CHILD.

P. M.

- 1 It bloomed in essence on an angel-earth,
Then to our love was given :
Fair child of Paradise,—we greet thy birth !
Sweet gift of inmost Heaven !
- 2 What mother-life above our own is yearning,
What father-life above,
We dimly know ; in thy young heart are
burning
The lamps of God's own love.
- 3 Child of the skies ! thy beatific essence
Was thought from God's own brow ;
Thou in thine inmost hast not left His
presence,
Though we embrace thee now
- 4 God of the Angels ! help us in receiving
This babe, for it is Thine,
Into our hearts, adoring and believing,
To fold Thy love divine.
- 5 Help us to mold its life from Thine evangel,
Till all the selfhood dies,
And it becomes, through love, a conscious
Angel,
Cleaving again the skies.

144.—THE SECOND LIFE.

P. M.

- 1 Beloved of the Angels, our fair one departed:
Our home-star ascends in the sky:
Then soothed be the breast in bereavement
that smarted;
She whispers, "The morning is nigh."
 - 2 'Tis night when the loved ones, God gave to
our keeping,
Are folded away to His breast;
We see them no more with the eyes that
are weeping;
In earth-arms no more they are prest.
 - 3 Give glory to God! in the beautiful star-lands
The life of their love is begun;
The smiles of the Lord are their robes and
their garlands;
The peace that He gives they have won.
-

145.—RELIGION THE TRUE HELPMET.

L. M.

- 1 Religion, like a faithful spouse,
With marriage plenty fills the house:
Her thoughts are cherubs in the breast;
And all her days are waking rest.

- 2 She comes like morn, with sun and dew,
Our health and vigor to renew :
She comes at eve, to close the eyes
With fragrant airs from Paradise.
- 3 Her beauteous children round her stand ;
No earth can show a fairer band :
She leads from Heaven the choral train
Who bring young Eden here again.
- 4 The holy priests of heart-desire
Bow at her sacred altar pyre ;
Her music-hands touch every key
Of love and light and harmony.
- 5 Wouldst thou, O man ! be Angel wise ?
To win that beauteous bride arise.
Claim the fair virgin ; she will be
Thy helpmeet to eternity.
-

146.—A MORNING PRAYER.

L. M.

- 1 Lord ! feed our hearts with daily bread ;
Be truth and mercy on us shed,
Like rain and sun to seasons given,
Or manna from the clouds of Heaven.

- 2 Make us to grow in order's forms ;
Calm in the midst of strife and storms
Fixed in Thy being's harmony,
And feeling and revealing Thee.
 - 3 The morning shines : our Father ! pour
An inward morning more and more,
Till, with illumined spirit-eyes,
We see the use that near us lies.
 - 4 In work, with soul intention bent,
Like Jacob wrestling in his tent,
Help us to labor, till we blend
Our functions with Thy glorious end.
 5. So shall the bread Thou givest rise,
Transformed, through life's great sacrifice,
To acts of use by Angels known
Who work and worship near Thy throne.
-

147.—HEALING WATERS.

L. M.

- 1 River of Eden from the skies,
Stream of celestial harmonies,
The Lord has made thy wave divine,
And turned thy crystal flood to wine.

- 2 Flow through us, in us rest, and lave
Our every act with sacred wave;
In heart and sense, in deed and will,
Flow with angelic music still.
- 3 River of life! the trees that grow
In angel-bowers thy virtues know:
The gardens of the soul above
Drink life and virtue from thy love.
- 4 From land to land roll on, till we
Behold, on earth, each human tree
With blossoms crowned, with fruit supplied,
And nourished by thy healing tide.
-

148.—PRAYER FOR DIVINE INFLUENCES.

C. M.

- 1 God of eternal order, Thou
Art faithful, just and true:
Come, shed abroad Thy Spirit now,
Our spirits to renew.
- 2 The dust becomes a living flower
When kindled by Thy breath:
O touch our hearts! that quickening power
Shall raise our souls from death.

- 3 The seed becomes a living tree,
A grove of fragrant bloom;
So would we grow, and offer Thee
A holy life's perfume.
-

149.—GOD IS LOVE.

L. M.

- 1 From all who dwell in Heaven above
We hear the anthem, "God is Love!"
While, through the souls of all below,
His tender mercies ever flow.
- 2 O, while this glorious faith we own,
Be love in all our acts made known;
Then blinded eyes shall ope to see
God is not wrath, but charity.
- 3 He sows the suns, like golden grain,
On the blue ether's boundless plain,
Yet in the soul his mercies are
More vast, more bright than every star.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord! like Thee, to give
To all that love wherein we live;
Till earth below, to Heaven above,
Repeats the anthem, "God is Love."

150.—LIFE'S MARTYRDOM.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 From every cross of conquered pain
A clearer view of Heaven we gain :
How thrills the breast with holy fires !
What boundless love the heart inspires !
While Angels praise the Lord, that He
Gives to His child the victory.
 - 2 Our souls are formed for Heaven within,
By combats with invading sin ;
Earth is our nature's conflict field,
And faith and love the arms we wield :
Christ, the Deliverer, inly nigh ;
His Word the light we see Him by.
 - 3 Our hearts embrace the inward cross,—
The fire that burns our being's dross :
By love we pass the golden gates
That ope to pure, celestial states ;
Till Heaven becomes our last reward,
And we are present with the Lord.
-

151.—UNION WITH ANGELS.

C. M.

- 1 With joy inspired, with beauty drest,
The loving Angels dwell :
Their hearts, with Christ within the breast,
Chime like the sabbath bell.

- 2 We hear them in our silent hours
And give them bosom-room,
Then all our thoughts, like Eden flowers,
Exhale a sweet perfume.
- 3 We meet them in the daily road
Of pain and grief and loss;
And when we bow beneath the load
Of Love's redeeming cross.
- 4 They wake the soul's immortal powers,
And, from their shining day,
They nerve us, in our conflict hours,
To wait, and watch, and pray.
- 5 When evening sheds its dews abroad,
Beneath the sunset tree,
Those fairer children of our God
With spirit-glance we see.
- 6 Our hearts aspire to grow like theirs,
In sinless love to be
Children of God, and chosen heirs
Of immortality.
- 7 Our sorrows then to raptures turn,
And, with believing eyes,
We see our better home, and yearn
To rest within the skies.

152.—THE SPRING OF EARTH AND THE SPIRIT.

L. M.

- 1 When Spring descends, with lavish hand,
To robe the world with virgin flowers,
She hastens from an inward land,
More beautiful and pure than ours.
- 2 Before a blossom opes its leaves
Celestial heats from Heaven descend ;
And earth absorbs as spirit gives,
When angel-hearts in rapture blend.
- 3 The life of lives within the seed
Is from the Lord's creative sphere ;
And angel-smiles adorn the mead
When first the tender flowers appear.
- 4 While beauty floods the golden air,
And robes the earth, and tints the sky,
God is the Artist, painting there
The pictures that we see Him by.
- 5 A nobler Spring revives the soul
When God renews the loving heart,
And, yielding to that sweet control,
The wint'ry storms of self depart :

- 6 Then Eden flowers, of perfume rare,
 Bend meekly o'er the vernal sod,
As if they knelt in joy and prayer
 And worshiped at the feet of God.
- 7 Then Jesus to the heart is near,
 While, with adoring love, we sing,
"The Lord is here! the Lord is here!
 Incarnate in immortal Spring."
-

153.— THE MAGNOLIA.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 The heart is like the queenly flower
 Of the magnolia tree,
When first, in faith's entrancing hour,
 It opens, Lord! to Thee.
In mystic purity within
 The snow-white petals shine:—
So blooms the heart, renewed from sin,
 In charity divine.
- 2 Above the dark and deep bayou
 The sacred plant up-rears
The stately shaft, of old that grew
 In far, celestial spheres:—

So, by the sullen streams of hate,
As once in Eden's bowers,
The Church unfolds, in shining state,
Her pure magnolia flowers.

- 3 Green are the leaves that never die,
And sweet the perfumed sea
Of life, that rises to the sky
From the magnolia tree:—
So, tranced in spheres of blissful calm,
The Church, for aye the same,
Shall breathe afar the healing balm
Of the Redeemer's name.
-

154.—INNER LIFE OF NATURE.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 With inner sight our hearts behold
The souls of all the flowers,
Attired in robes of liquid gold,
In summer's radiant bowers.
The viewless thoughts of God are born
Within the morning ray;
And fairer lives our world adorn
Than outward eyes survey.

2 In every fragrant summer breeze
The loves of Angels dwell ;
They haunt the leafy orchard trees
With tender voice and spell :
And there are naiads in the streams,
And dryads in the grove ;
And, from the tranquil ether, gleams
An Inner World of love.

3 All lovely things from Love receive
The grace wherein they stand :
To hearts, in purity that live,
Earth is a Spirit-land.
The shadow to the eye appears,—
The substance to the soul ;
And girdled with celestial spheres
Life's burning axles roll.

155.—EVENING LIGHTS.

6 L. L. M.

1 When evening lights its lamps of gold,
A fairer sight our eyes behold ;
Out from the Word the vision beams ;
We bathe in pure, celestial streams ;
And pluck, from love's immortal tree,
The fruit of immortality.

- 2 Our hearts, with dear ones gone before,
The Lord of light and love adore ;
In faith, from things of sense refined,
We blend, with Jesus in the mind ;
And taste the bliss of joys to come,
While Angels bid us welcome home.
- 3 Sweet home ! sweet land of pure delight !
Fill every soul this sabbath night.
Redeemer ! ope these blinded eyes,
To see the wonders of the skies ;
And O ! may all our natures be
Transformed with perfect love for Thee !
-

156.—CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

C. M.

- 1 Through tribulation's gloomy deep,
In peril, pain and loss,
The Christian still his path must keep
To the Redeemer's cross.
- 2 Though Satan's hosts around him rage
He seeks the heavenly prize ;
Nor turns him from the sacred page
That opens all the skies.

- 3 There, filled with rapture, he beholds
The great Redeemer's face ;
And still, through life, undaunted, holds
A conflict and a race.
- 4 'Tis Christ within who opes the doors
Into the life to be ;
And, from the sin his heart deplores,
Rejoicing sets him free.
- 5 'Tis Christ who conquers all his foes :
That All-prevailing Friend
Bears all his suffering nature's woes
And crowns him at the end.
-

157.—ETERNAL FRIENDSHIPS.

S. M.

- 1 Who hath not sought a friend ?
What heart is there but finds
A spirit with its own to blend,
Like perfumes on the wind ?
- 2 For all, in Christ who live,
Such fellowship is nigh ;
And joys that earth can never give
Await us in the sky.

- 3 From star to star the Night
Triumphant music brings,
And all the circling spheres of light
Are vocal while she sings :
- 4 The Day, from sun to sun,
Its lofty anthem pours :
No Angel prays, but every one
With lifted face adores.
- 5 As, through the choral skies,
The heavenly anthems roll,
Flows on the love, that Christ supplies,
Through every willing soul.
- 6 We give, and we receive ;
So, in the nightly hall,
Each star a single glory gives,
Yet brightens from them all.
- 7 We grieve, and are at rest ;
We weep, each fallen tear,
Caught on a pitying Angel's breast,
Shines like a sunbeam clear.
- 8 We are alone no more ;
We rest our wearied powers,
Like evening airs on Ceylon's shore,
Lulled in the myrtle flowers.

- 9 All that we seek we find ;—
A Savior's love is given,
Our hearts in fellowship to bind
With kindred souls in Heaven.
-

158.—TRUE INSIGHT.

S. M.

- 1 In trances, deep as death,
The spirit fails to see
That inward Heaven which living faith
Makes known, dear Lord ! through Thee.
- 3 In hearts that truly love
Faith lives, and there alone ;
And sings the Word she heard above,
Before the Savior's throne.
- 3 O vestal Angel ! white
As flowers in God's right hand !
Bear witness in our hearts to-night
Of wisdom's holy land.
- 4 What crowns of sacred fire
Adorn the Savior's brow,
What joys the Heavenly Hosts inspire,
Reveal within us now.

159.—GOD'S TEMPLE.

L. M.

- 1 Pour out thy inmost love like wine,
If thou wouldst rise to life divine ;
And let thy Savior in thee plan,
If thou wouldst be the Christian man.
 - 2 Though temples fall, and creeds decay,
Build faith and worship in the day ;
Until thy deeds around thee stand,
Like Angels at the Lord's right hand.
 - 3 Work with a calm and patient trust ;
Virtue shall blossom from the dust ;
Her pyramid of toil shall be
A land-mark to eternity.
 - 4 Sweet springs the rose to meet God's eye
In gardens of the upper sky ;
Sweet human love ! thou too shalt bloom
For faithful hearts beyond the tomb.
-

160.—THE NEW AGE.

6'S AND 5'S M.

- 1 Zoroaster dieth
In his magii's loss :
Low Confucius lieth,
All his gold is dross :

- 2 Mecca's prophet waneth
Like his crescent moon :
Brahma's Ind' complaineth,
"Night is coming soon."
- 3 O there's weeping, wailing
Round the shrines of old ;
Christ alone prevailing,
Shepherd of the fold !
- 4 Souls of saints ascended
Lift the joyful cry,
"Sorrow's night is ended
Truth and mercy nigh."
-

161.—HEART VOICES.

P. M.

- 1 When the bosom sings,
Like a dove, whose wings
Infold in its nest of love,
Then the Lord's own peace
Gives the heart release
To the joys of the world above.

- 2 When the heart complains,
In its anguish-pains,
While it longs for the home on high,
'Tis a sign of grace,—
In the Lord's embrace
The sins that have grieved Him die.
- 3 When the soul aspires,
In the pure desires
Of the love by the Angels known,
Then she finds her wings,
And she soars and sings,
To her rest in the Savior's throne.
-

162.—THE COMING AGE.

L. M.

- 1 With three-fold arch the glory-bow
Encompasses the world below,
And bright, within its shining sphere,
The triumphs of the Word appear.
- 2 Set like a star in morning gold,
God's mercy doth the earth enfold,
And Mercy's Heaven, around its breast,
Winds the sweet robe of inward rest.

- 3 Celestial Angels all descend
The discords of the soul to end ;
“Glory to God !” they sing, and then
They gently whisper, “Peace to men !”
- 4 How bright the sons of peace appear !
What holy joys attest them near !
They sow bright flowers that all may see ;
And hallow faith with charity.
- 5 Celestial Angels ! calm and still,
Life’s golden urn with joy they fill :
Eternal love their toil inspires ;
They labor on till sin expires.
- 6 God’s faithful ones ! unwearied they
For Zion’s children watch and pray ;
And fill the glorious arch above
With sentinels of light and love.
-

163.—TERRESTRIAL ANGELS.

11’S AND 10’S M.

- 1 When flowers, from incense cups, at morn
are pouring
Their fragrant offering to the skies above,
Awake, with humble heart, the Lord adoring,
And, loving, praise Him, for His name is
Love.

- 2 Go to the lonely chamber of affliction,
Go to the couch of suffering and death,
And to the mourner waft a benediction
That Heaven breathes down with lips of
angel-breath.
- 3 Bear with the pride, the doubt thy message
scorning ;
Bear with the blind, the God-light who
despise ;
For patient sufferance heralds on the morning,
And thine own faith shall make thy brothers
wise.
- 4 With thee the Angels march ! their steps
they measure
By duty's pulse ; their love descends in
thine.
Seek not the world's applause, the body's
pleasure ;
Thy joy shall grow through works of use
divine.
- 5 So shalt thou win at last a spirit-mansion,
On that bright hill-top which all Heavens
surround,
And, growing Godlike with thy soul's
expansion,
In the full image of thy Lord be found.

164.—NIGHT HYMN OF THE HEAVENS.

C. M.

- 1 By night resounds a mystic strain ;
The Heavens, with one accord,
Are chanting, in a sweet retrain,
That Christ alone is Lord.
 - 2 We hear them sing ; so once, of old,
Upon the advent morn,
Angelic strains, from Heaven that rolled,
Proclaimed a Savior born.
 - 3 With folded palms of inward rest
We worship, while they sing,
Then feel His love within the breast,
And own Him Lord and King.
-

165.—CHILDREN CONSECRATED TO DIVINE LOVE

C. M.

- 1 When children to Immanuel came,
Their outer forms He blest,
And lit their spirits with a flame,
Of love divine possest.
- 2 So, in the Church below, we give
Our blessed ones and sweet,
His Word to know, His life to live,
And blossom at His feet.

3 Great God ! who didst of old descend,
In childhood's image known,
Let Guardian Love their steps attend
Till they are all Thine own :

4 Enshrine Thy virtues in the breast,
Till, free from earthly art,
They speak the thoughts Thou hast imprest
By love within the heart.

166.—DYING.

6 L. L. M.

- 1 Why should we shrink, or fear to die ?
'Tis Christ, the Lord, who standeth by :
His love dissolves this mortal chain :
Our light affliction turns to gain :
A peaceful slumber seals the eyes :
We wake with Him in Paradise.
- 2 So would we live that death shall come
At last to lead our spirits home,
With lives to faith and virtue wed,
With hearts on heavenly manna fed,
Till, gently as the dawning day,
The Savior bears our souls away.

- 3 Only as we our sins forsake,
And to the life of use awake,
Are we prepared to live or die,
On earth to dwell or in the sky ;
And Christ shall in the heart appear
When we have done His bidding here.
-

167.—THE FAITH FLOWER.

12's AND 9's M.

- 1 In the garden of beauty the faith-blossom
grows,
In the garden of beauty alone ;
With the heart of the grape, and the lips of
the rose ;
And the song of the spheres in its tone.
- 2 And its petals have eyes, and its leaflets have
wings ;
And its voice is all tender and true ;
And an inward delight is the song that it
sings ;
And its fruits with the seasons are new.

3 'Tis the flower of the Angels ! they pluck it
to wear

In the garlands they gather on high ;
And the breath of its fragrance is music and
prayer ;
And its loveliness never may die.

4 But it grows not where Hate with his north
wind is keen ;

And the senses look vainly to find ;
And the light of its beauty may never be seen
By the wise, who in selfhood are blind.

5 And it withers from sight when the frost
spirit comes

From the Ice-lands of envy and wrath ;
And the proud find it not, where their palace
built homes
Mark the death-miles of poverty's path.

6 'Tis the flower of the lowly, the poor and the
weak,

The children of sorrow and loss ;
And they find it alone who are humble and
meek,
In the garden that grows by the cross.

168.—TRUST IN DIVINE LOVE

L. M.

- 1 We ask not what our life shall be
When being wins an ample field :
The glories of futurity
O Lord ! are in Thy love concealed.
 - 2 We are but dovelets in the nest,
And see as yet with filmy eyes,
But feel above Thy Spirit's breast,
And, trusting Thee, are more than wise.
 - 3 So, day by day, the manna fell,
So, night by night, the guiding flame,
And, from the rock, the cooling well,
To ancient Israel duly came.
 - 4 With constant strength for constant needs,
Thou still descendest, Lord ! and we
Plant from Thy hand the fruitful seeds,
That shall become our future's tree.
-

169.—REGENERATION.

L. M.

- 1 Once Duty came and inly said,
" Pluck thou a staff from sorrow's tree,
Sit with me in misfortune's shed,
For I have words to say to thee.

- 2 "Behold these rude and rugged bars,
Where the bleak north wind fiercely blows;
Forsake for them the southern stars,
Where balmy airs caress the rose.
- 3 "Resign that gay and courtly dress,
Take from thy brow that shining crown,
And let these thorns thy temples press,
And sit in robes of sackcloth down.
- 4 "All that the Man of Sorrows bore
Thy spirit's portion still must be;
Give up thy wealth of golden ore,
Accept a martyr's poverty."
- 5 I yielded all: my selfhood gave
Its fame and glory all away;
Ambition found a nameless grave,
And pride became to dust a prey.
- 6 New life, new love, for nobler ends,
Out from that dying anguish broke:
"Now the inspiring fire descends,"
A Sovereign Voice within me spoke.
- 7 Lit with that pentecostal flame
I woke my nobler self to find;
And use directs my every aim;
And Christ is present in the mind.

170.—SPHERE HYMN.

6 L. 6's M.

- 1 Out, from the sky-spaces,
Shine ever the faces
Of Heroes and Sages ;—
Eternity's Ages
In music roll o'er us,
And beckon before us.
- 2 Souls steadfast and golden,
In God-light enfolden,
Cry loud to us, blinded
With earth-dust, be minded
Like Him who ascended
The cross, and grave rended.
- 3 But deeper, and clearer,
And farther, and nearer,
And round us, and in us,
He speaks, who, to win us
To God-life immortal,
Out-shone through birth's portal.
- 4 And over Death's river
The Faith-Angel ever,
In glory uplifted,
Bring heroes, love-gifted,
Whose hearts, to God given,
Were pregnant with Heaven.

171.—CONQUEST OF SPIRITUAL FOES.

S. H. M.

- 1 Our demon foes retire
 When all the selfhood dies :
 Help us, O Lord ! in combats dire,
 To seek the heavenly prize ;
 Till conquered evil falls, and we
 Gain, through Thy love, the victory.
- 2 The raven birds of sin
 Are vanquished by the dove ;
 Light breaks o'er all the world within
 From Thy prevailing love ;
 And thrice refined through fervent heat,
 A golden manhood shines complete.
- 3 Vainly the demons rage ;
 Through shades of night afar
 They vanish, while our souls engage
 In Love's redeeming war :
 We find at last, upon the field,
 The crown of life, the cross concealed.
- 4 Not for our joys alone
 O Lord ! Thy name we praise :
 For trials, by Thy children known,
 We lift our solemn lays ;
 Steps, in the path of promise shown,
 They brighten to Immanuel's throne.

172.—CHRIST'S HARVEST.

L. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 O'er fields, bedewed with wasting snow,
Behold ! a Sower went to sow.
He sowed the drops of living blood,
The tears within His eyes that stood,—
Then vanished ! for the harvest we
To-day reap faith and charity,—
That field the world, that Sower's name
The Christ, of old to save who came.
- 2 Lord of the harvest ! Thou dost stand
To-day within the reaping band :
And still another soon shall glow
Thro' hearts where Thou Thy love dost sow :
From sunken ridges in the field
A nobler growth shall stand revealed,
Till the immortal sheaflets wave,
O'er evil's tomb and sorrow's grave.
- 3 Come, thou great Sower ! come and sow,
In hearts that ope to Thee below,
The fruitful corn, the generous vine
Of truth and mercy all divine :
O shed Thy Holy Spirit's grace ;
Through all our lives Thy steps retrace ;
Until at last Thy Angels come,
And in us reap the harvest home.

173.—THE LOST

6 L. L. M.

- 1 Through gateways of angelic birth
Our inward essence flows to earth ;
Our being wins its form divine
From Him who dwells within its shrine ;
But all our gold is changed to clay
If from His law we turn away.
- 2 Without the soul the dust is dead ;
The soul, to Love Divine unwed,
Lost in the selfhood, finds its place
In stormy realms of nether space,
Where evil hearts like meteors glow
In firmaments of hate below.
- 3 All is delusive there that seems,—
A mirage-land of mocking dreams ;
Its joy a woe ; its wild delight
A fevered phantom of the night ;
Its love a cheat ; its knowledge lies ;
Its friends deceivers in disguise.
- 4 There, tolling like a judgment bell,
Dead conscience rings its burial knell ;
And spirits, inly lost, appear
The gods and heroes of their sphere ;
Till insight from the Lord is given
To know them by the light of Heaven.

- 5 Yet God is Love ! He smites them not !
They choose their own unholy lot.
Rejecting Him, their bosom-guest,
They plunge to torment and unrest.
He fain would bless them, but the will
Rebels against His mercy still.
-

174.—THE SAVED.

L. M.

- 1 Forget the world, if thou wouldst be
An Angel of the least degree ;
Return, through childhood's peaceful door,
To inward Eden's tranquil shore.
- 2 Stormy and dark, thy outward life
May lead through scenes with sorrow rife ;
Serene and calm, thy soul shall rest
Within a loving Savior's breast.
- 3 His blissful peace shall take away
The barriers to thy onward way,
And, through thy heart, diffuse a balm,
The discords of mankind to calm.

- 4 Be true to that Redeeming Friend :
His voice to thine shall music lend ;
His heart through thine shall say, " Be still,"
To every wave of human will.
- 5 Sweet Mercy's pulse in thine shall beat ;
And holy ends direct thy feet ;
Till Angels own thy work divine,
And see thy Savior's life in thine.
-

175.—THE LIVING CHURCH.

C. M.

- 1 Thrice glorious on the mountains now
Jerusalem shall rise,
And bear upon her virgin brow
The Word that fills the skies.
- 2 The Lord shall rear her temple's gate,
And build her shrines of gold ;
And there appear, in shining state,
The Shepherd of the fold.
- 3 He comes to men of loving will
To make them all His own ;
He guides them to His holy hill,
And feeds them from His throne.

- 4 They hunger not for earthly bread ;
With thirst they faint no more ;
But from the Word their hearts are fed,
While they by love adore.
- 5 " He is the way, the truth, the life,"
They cry, with one accord,
" He saves the world from sin and strife :
Hosanna to the Lord !"
-

176.—THE NEW CHURCH.

L. M.

- 1 Where is the Church of God below ?
'Tis where the holy Angels go,
And find an humble, trusting band
Upon the hills of worship stand.
- 2 In love to God they all are one ;
They glow like Angels in the sun,
While mind and heart and life agree
In faith and use and charity.
- 3 They have no bond of party strife,
But each, in holiness of life,
Esteems his brother's good his own,
And makes his heart Messiah's throne.

- 4 The ancients of the Age of Gold
Encamp around that rising fold :
The Lord Himself their truth inspires,
And dwells within their pure desires.
 - 5 This was the Church the Lord foreknew ;
The first and last, the ever new,
Of every star the purest gem,
The beautiful Jerusalem.
-

177.—RETURN OF MAY.

L. M.

- 1 The blooming May returns again,
The mating birds delight the grove ;
In paths untrod by mortal men,
Far from the world, to-day we rove.
- 2 In loving mind and heart sincere
The flowers of Eden we espy ;
While in the bosom-land appear
Those Eden-birds that never die.
- 3 We find the Lord where'er we dwell :
In outer earth His footsteps trace :
The fairies in the cowslip bell
Add to the flowers a tender grace :

- 4 The soul of Nature lives and breathes
In purer forms than we can see :
The spirits of the budding leaves
Their worship whisper, Lord ! to Thee.
- 5 We wake by night : the silver moon
Holds voices in her mystic sphere ;
And, in the fervid rays of noon,
A viewless multitude are near.
- 6 Where'er we turn believing eyes,
Below, above, within, abroad,
Realms of celestial life arise,
With us to love and worship God.
-

178.—BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

L. M.

- 1 Children are gifts of Love Divine :
Their hearts unfold from Christ the vine :
“ Behold,” the Lord of glory cries,
“ These infant lambs of Paradise.”
- 2 To mercy, peace and purity,
In these baptismal waters, we
Give the fair spirit from above,
Born of the Lord's creative love.

- 3 With mercy may her breast be sweet ;
May peace lead forth her tender feet ;
And purity enfold her in
The Eden that the Angels win.
-

179.—HYMN OF BURIAL.

4's 4's AND 6's M.

- 1 Dust to the dust !
In tender trust,
Dear Mother Earth, alone,
Take life's disguise ;—
The spirit flies
To joys by Angels known.
- 2 In music bow,
Sweet Angels, now ;
Sing, while the Lord inspires :
Another hand,
In Morning-land,
Has touched those shining lyres.
- 3 In seven-fold chord
Praise ye the Lord,
Beside the golden gate :
Another guest,
To Jesus' breast,
Ascends in holy state.

- 4 With rapture sing ;—
 While here we bring
The dust unto its own,
 Another star,
 In Heaven afar,
Is made an Angel's throne.
-

180.—THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.

P. M.

- 1 All my heart is in me yearning ;—
 Home flies the dove ;—
Home to Christ the Lord returning,
 Home to His love.
Seek no longer to detain me,
Earthly sins no more may chain me,
Mortal shades no more restrain me ;—
 Home flies the dove.
- 2 Growing whiter, growing fairer,—
 Christ is within,—
Weary heart, sad burden bearer,
 Rest thou dost win.
All His griefs are sent to prove me,
All His beauty opes above me,
All His Angels come to love me ;—
 Christ is within.

3 Where the mourning ones are sighing,
 There flies the dove,
Where the desolate are dying
 Breathing its love ;
While the Lord His grace discloses,
· Changing all their tears to roses,
And the weary one reposes,—
 There flies the dove.

4 Whiter grow my spirit's pinions ;—
 Christ is within.
Purer glow the heart's dominions,
 Free from their sin.
Singing now with angel-pleasure,
Time no more my joys shall measure,
Love is my immortal treasure ;—
 Christ is within.

181.—WINTER.

6 L. L. M.

1 Beyond the winter's drifted snow
The love-land roses freshly blow ;
While here we breathe the icy air
Soft flow the liquid balm-winds there ;
While here we feel the driving sleet
There fruits and flowers the vision meet.

- 2 But colder, keener far, within,
The arctic frost, where strife and sin
Have quenched the heart's diviner fires
With sordid thoughts and base desires;
Death reigns o'er all the gloomy breast,
In icy robes of selfhood drest.
- 3 Lord of the seasons ! Thou who art
Enthroned in summer's inmost heart ;
O shed abroad Thy life in me,
Till faith and use and charity
Make my reviving bosom smile
Like some immortal Spirit-isle.
- 4 O let me dwell, from strife afar,
With Mercy in her southern star,
Inhale Religion's fragrant airs,
And feel the bliss my Savior shares,
Till all my winter melts away
In Love's eternal summer day.
-

182.—THE DIVINE WORD.

L. M.

- 1 The Word is like the stars by night ;
In every page such mercies shine
That Angels in it find their light,
And see the Sun of truth divine.

- 2 In awe they gather, while we trace
The sacred theme, and with us find
A glory from the Savior's face,
A voice from His Eternal Mind.
- 3 Such power abides within its leaves
That Faith beholds a fiery scroll,
Where every truth its essence breathes,
While God is present with the soul.
-

183.—THE NEW EARTH.

8'S AND 7'S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 All the stars of night are portals
To the city of the skies,
And the radiant Immortals
From their blessed spheres arise :
But the earth is dark and dreary ;
She hath fallen from her throne,
And, with bleeding feet and weary,
She is wandering alone.
- 2 Filled her eyes with dying vapors,
Cold her heart with loss of good,
And her thoughts but midnight tapers
In an arctic solitude :

- She is dying, and the nations
Melt away like frozen breath ;
And her passing generations
Throng the shades of inner death.
- 3 Few are they who love the brother ;
Lust of self the world enslaves ;
They are leading one another
To the deserts and the graves :
But the mighty Lord hath spoken
And the earth shall rise again ;
And the chains shall all be broken
That have bound the souls of men.
- 4 Earth shall be the gate of Heaven,
And the good shall never die :
And His Spirit shall be given ;
And His seed shall multiply :
He shall gather from His labors
With an infinite increase,
Till the nations beat their sabres
To the pruning-hooks of peace.
-

184.—GOD'S KINGDOM HERE.

C. M.

- 1 We shall be conquerors at last
In cities of the skies,
When all our days of toil are past,
And Jesus bids us rise

- 2 For this our souls by day aspire,
For this by night we pray,
While still from Heaven a shining choir
Attend our pilgrim way.
- 3 O God of patience ! God of peace !
Let Heaven begin below.
From darkness give our minds release,
In light Thy Angels know.
- 4 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Thy mercy shine abroad,
Till all our feet are swift to run
With messages of God.
-

185.—THE NEW CREATION.

11'S AND 10'S M.

- 1 Rich gems of beauty, stars of light excelling,
Grow from the flowers of faith's immortal
tree :
The prophet mind, eternal bliss foretelling,
Walks in the dawn that Heaven alone may
see.

- 2 We are but parts of that eternal mansion
That God is building for His spirit's-home ;
And they who serve Him in the mind's
expansion
Are set like suns in its effulgent dome
- 3 Knowledge from virtue ripens, bearing beauty
And joy and peace and Heaven within its
fruit ;
And faithful souls call through the keys of
duty
The song of songs breathed from Messiah's
lute.
- 4 No vision of inspired imagination,
No outward picture of the earth or skies,
Reveals the wonders of that new creation
God buildeth in the minds of cherubs wise.
- 5 We may be Angels ; must be, if we treasure,
And will, and do, the wisdom of the Word :
First knowing God in grief it grows to
pleasure
And we become the temples of the Lord.

186.—HYMN OF THE DOVE HEAVEN.

P. M.

- 1 Where the Heaven of the Dove,
 With its heart of love,
Is breathing its bliss divine,
 Hath my loved one gone,—
 I shall follow on
Till her bosom-peace is mine.
- 2 Where the red rose springs,
 And the myrtle clings
To the love-fruits of the vine,
 I shall find delight,
 In the tranquil night,
With her heart like a dove in mine.
- 3 All is beauty there,—
 In the perfumed air
The stars of the Angels shine ;
 I shall build my bowers,
 In the morning hours,
From the rays of song they twine.
- 4 Where my loved one's breast,
 Like a dovelet's nest,
Responds to the joys of mine,
 I shall praise the Lord,
 With a sweet accord,
In a song of songs divine.

187.—HYMN OF WORSHIP.

11'S AND 10'S M.

- 1 We shall awake, the dust of earth forsaking,
In peerless mansions of the holy skies ;
To day, by faith, of angel-food partaking
Through gates of praise our souls to
Heaven arise.
- 2 Love of the world too long in chains hath
bound us :
Give us, O Lord ! while here our hearts
adore,
To see the heavenly wonders that surround us:
O lead us there through faith's translucent
door.
- 3 Give us to run, with feet that cannot weary,
Through the bright paths of loving use
below,
Lighting the lamps of faith along the dreary
Pathways of trial where the mourners go :
- 4 Give us, with all Thy beautiful, pure Angels,
To hold communion, till we grow, like them,
Wise in the spirit of Thy true evangels,
And dwellers in Thy New Jerusalem.

- 5 With John may we behold the light elysian
Whose rainbow galaxies enfold Thy throne;
Till, known by love, each pure and holy vision,
Translated into life, becomes our own.
- 6 So shall we labor, clothed in sweet affections,
Thy kingdom to up-build, from self made
free,
Chanting Thy love, revealing Thy perfections,
And leading home the wandering heart to
Thee.
-

188.—HYMN OF SLEEP.

P. M.

- 1 When the dews of rest,
From the starry west,
Bring the outward world's repose —
Then the gates unbar
Of the morning star,
In the Spirit-east that glows.
- 2 So, by day and night,
If we live aright,
Shall a two-fold life be ours ;
We rise from our dreams
Where the morning beams
O'er the land of the fadeless flowers.

3 When the Lord draws near
 To the bosom-sphere,
We shall wake to a new-born love,
 And our souls go forth
 To a fairer earth
Where the Savior dwells above.

4 We shall blossoms be
 On the Eden tree,
Where the angel-stars outshine,
 And our hearts uncloze,
 Like the first-born rose,
With an endless life divine.

189.—CHRIST A PERSONAL SAVIOR.

L. M.

1 I own my Savior all divine ;
He lights the sacred fires, that shine
To guide me to the world above ;
He is the all of truth and love.

2 Forevermore, forevermore,
My heart recalls His mercies o'er,
But, while I count, they multiply,
Like milky spaces in the sky.

- 3 His mercies roll beneath my feet ;
Where heaven and earth within me meet
I take my place, and gaze abroad,
And find my spirit-life in God.
- 4 Beyond the inmost Angel's ken
Roll systems of immortal men :
Beyond the outmost angel-sphere
In shining march new Heavens appear.
- 5 But still my Savior thinks of me,
And I, through endless days, shall be
Dear to His heart as if I were
Of every star the only heir.
- 6 Great God ! and shall I ever turn,
In base desires Thy life to spurn ?
O keep me, lest invading ill
Should make me e'er forget Thy will.
-

190.—JESUS LOVES ME.

S'S AND T'S M.

- 1 Oft, when storms of pain are rolling,
And I cross the fiery sea,
Comes a voice, my heart consoling,
“Jesus loves me, even me !”

- 2 When I sink, oppressed with anguish,
Comes that voice along the sea,
Quickening all the powers that languish,
“Jesus loves me, even me !”
- 3 O that great inspiring Presence !
How He stills my bosom-sea !
Breathing there His mercy’s essence,
“Jesus loves me, even me !”
- 4 Faith reveals her starlit heaven
Gentlest music lulls the sea ;
Vails that hide the Lord are riven ;
“Jesus loves me, even me !”
- 5 Life is near, and earth is fleeting ;
Soon, beyond the stormy sea,
I shall wake, in bliss, repeating,
“Jesus loves me, even me !”
-

191.—PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

7’S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Quench, O Lord ! the base desire
That consumes me with its fire :
Utterly abolish sin :
Purify my heart within :

Till, in love of good re-born,
Like an Angel of the morn,
Glorified in life divine,
I am Thine, forever Thine.

- 2 While the hosts of night retire
All my inner life inspire,
Till, in charity complete,
I repose at Jesus' feet ;
Like a little lamb find rest
In my Savior's loving breast ;
In His blessed peace repose ;
Follow Him where'er He goes.
- 3 Savior ! write Thy holy name
In my every end and aim.
Be my only motive still
To obey Thy Word and will.
Then, when earthly day expires,
Lead me to the angel-choirs,
Joining with them where they sing
Praise to Christ, the Angel's king.
-

192.—SPIRITUAL COMBATS.

P. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Till the dust is removed
We may suffer and grieve,
Yet our faith is but proved
By the foes who deceive,

While we clasp the bright record
That fell from the skies,
And fix on the Savior
Unwavering eyes.

- 2 Come forth from your darkness,
Ye hosts of despair !
For the sword of the spirit
Against you is bare.
Ye may smite, ye may strive,
But the Lord sets us free ;
And the joys of His love
We in glory shall see.
- 3 Roll the terrors of hate
From the night of your spheres ;
We shall conquer at last
By our suppliant tears.
For the Lord in our weakness
A victor shall prove,
And we shall find rest
In the arms of His love.
-

193.—SPIRITUAL PEACE.

S. H. M.

- 1 To states of holy rest,
O spirit ! come away !
And there with Jesus in thy breast,
In peace abide away ;

Come to the sweet delights He gives ;
Enjoy the very life He lives.

2 He pities all thy woes ;
 To Him thy prayers arise ;
His bosom opes to give repose ;
 He lights thy darkened eyes :
Give up the self that would molest,
And, serving Him, forever rest.

3 Though storms may sweep the main,
 And angry billows roar,
Peace, with her sweet refrain,
 Sings on the summer shore :
O make the Lord's affections thine,
And find repose in love divine.

4 In Him the Angels dwell ;
 They hear His guiding voice ;
But He is found on earth as well,
 Where loving hearts rejoice.
When thou canst love the Lord alone
His perfect peace shall be thine own.

194.—BEES, FAIRIES AND DOVES.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 The bee within the blossom sings
 When summer airs are sweet,
While fragrance gathers round his wings,
 And bathes his happy feet :
So, in the blossoms of the Word
 Our spirits, like the bee,
Would feed upon Thy truth, O Lord !
 And love and worship Thee.
- 2 The fairies build their bridal bowers
 Within the budding rose,
And thrill with love the tender flowers
 Till all their sweets uncloze :
So, when the graces of the skies
 Within our hearts we hold,
The fragrant flowers of Paradise
 In deathless bloom unfold.
- 3 As callow doves with rapture thrill,
 Beneath their mother's breast,
Dear Lord ! our hearts lie calm and still,
 Beneath Thy love at rest.
Thy Holy Spirit folds its wings
 Our earthly life above,
And sweetly in the bosom sings
 Of Thy redeeming love.

195.--DIVINE WONDERS.

S's, S's AND T's M.

- 1 Through Thee, O Lord ! the midnight vail,
That wraps the senses, till they fail
From heavenly things, is riven :
Thou dost those pearly gates unbar
That ope to every peopled star,
And each immortal Heaven.
- 2 The mind is formed in three degrees ;
And earth and atmosphere and seas
To each Thy Mind hath given :
And, through the three-fold realms above,
We pass, triumphant in Thy love,
And taste the joys of Heaven.
- 3 In mansions bright with living gold
Our angel-kindred we behold,
Who wake the octaves seven,
Of that sweet song that nerves the will
To do the Savior's bidding still,
And win mankind to Heaven.
- 4 Beneath the beauteous Eden-tree
In that celestial clime we see
The Word to Angels given,
And hear a Voice Divine within,
That bids us toil below, to win
The blissful peace of Heaven.

196.—THE CITY OF PEACE.

P. M.

- 1 O when shall we behold
 That city, all of gold,
Foreseen in vision from the ancient days,
 Where charity shall reign,
 And mercy's blest refrain
Rear the bright gates in harmonies of praise?
- 2 When shall the nations come,
 Beneath its burning dome
To find the Lord, and bow before His feet?
 When shall celestial fire
 Consume each base desire,
And purify the world with fervid heat?
- 3 When shall the rebel host,
 Who throng the cloudy coast
Of evil, fly, despoiled of power to wound;
 While peace and love, once more,
 Re-ope the heavenly door,
And trees of life spring forth on mortal ground?
- 4 Within Thy Word we see,
 O Lord! the prophecy;
And for it wait, and cry, with one accord,
 " All Holy One! again
 Descend and dwell with men,
Till all mankind are brethren in the Lord."

197.—CHILDREN.

L. M.

- 1 Children are roses in the hand,
And stars that gem the nuptial band :
They are celestial flowers, dropt down
From inmost Heaven's conjugal crown.
- 2 Soft smiling, with a tender grace,
Through their material forms we trace
The infant Angel's mystic charms ;—
They wake, they smile from God's own arms.
- 3 To faith and insight they appear
Surrounded by Messiah's sphere ;
Three Heavens above the cradle bend,
While truth and peace their steps attend.
- 4 Savior ! their outward forms alone
Are ours, their spirits are Thine own :
Then sanctify and thrice refine
The dust that holds these doves of Thine :
- 5 Till soul and substance, heart and breast,
By Thee inspired, illumed, possess,
From evil pure, from error free,
Bloom to immortal youth in Thee.

198.—THE ROSE OF PRAYER.

P. M.

- 1 From the Heaven of the Rose,
When the south wind blows,
And the crimson stars out-shine,
Comes an Angel's prayer,
On the sabbath air,
With a music all divine.
- 2 With the heart it blends,
While the dove descends,
And with spirit hands we twine
A wreath of prayer
From the roses there,
That bloom in the Love Divine :
- 3 And our brows we wreathe,
And our vows we breathe,
To the Lord in His holy shrine ;
Till the rose of prayer
Fills the sabbath air
With a fragrance all divine.
-

199.—FAITH.

L. M.

- 1 A maiden came, to earth unknown ;
She bore a bright, celestial rod,
Plucked from those trees of life alone
That blossom in the climes of God.

- 2 She waved her wand, and, far away,
The clouds of grief and anguish rolled,
While Heaven grew clear with dawning day,
And earth inspired a joy untold.
- 3 T'was Faith the Angel, who awoke
The blinded earth with love divine.
O Lord ! Thy presence we invoke
To-day within the bosom-shrine :
- 4 Send the bright maiden from the skies,
That we, in singleness of aim,
May see the truth without disguise,
And glow in heart with mercy's flame.
-

200.—DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

L. M.

- 1 Deep in the heart, Thy hands have laid,
O Lord ! the temple's corner stone.
Here shall Thy love the soul pervade,
Here Thy eternal Word be known.
- 2 From sordid thoughts and base desires
To Zion's hight our souls have trod.
O shed abroad Thy Spirit's fires
And own us Thine, All-seeing God !

- 3 Make Thou this temple, where we meet,
An Eden, where the Angel-host
May with us bow, in union sweet
With Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 4 O lift our hearts the world above,
While here the selfhood finds its grave ;
And may we feel Thy constant love,
A light to guide, a life to save.
-

201.—THE CONSTANT PENTECOST.

6 L. 7's M.

- 1 Lord ! Thy Church hath never lost
Fiery tongues of pentecost.
Faith that works by love may claim
Ever Thy inspiring flame ;
Heart and mind and life may be
Lit with fires of charity.
- 2 All that holy Angels feel
Through believing hearts may steal,
Melting, with a sweet accord,
All our being in the Lord ;
Till in mercy's path we move,
Burning with the Savior's love.

3 God of peace ! Thyself impart :
Gently breathe within the heart :
Break the stern oppressor's bow :
Lay the hosts of Satan low :
Drive our gloomy fears afar :
On us rest, Thou Morning Star !

4 May we all, from day to day,
Follow Thee, who art the way,
Wresting from despair's embrace
Brethren of our mortal race,
Pouring in the oil and wine
Of a Savior's love divine.

202.—A THANKSGIVING.

10's M.

- 1 This is the dawn of that auspicious time
Foretold by prophet bards of eld sublime.
Earth, like a maniac to his mind restored,
Returns in truth and mercy to the Lord.
- 2 The rebel genii of infernal spheres
Make bright their swords and sharp their
burning spears ;
One child from Heaven shall put them all to
flight ;—
But see the countless Armies of the right !

- 3 We praise Thee, Father ! Thine the light and
love,
That fill the world with morning from above.
Bright are the Angel-hosts that round us shine,
But all their glory is forever Thine.
- 4 Open Thy Word to men of loving will,
And, with celestial fires, their bosoms thrill ;
Inspire their hearts, and ope their minds to see
The Word, the Heavens, the universe in Thee.
- 5 Help us to labor, as the Angels pray ;
In paths of charity direct our way
And, as the love of self within us dies,
Translate us, in Thine image, to the skies.
-

203.—WARNINGS FROM ETERNITY.

L. M.

- 1 Dark is the hour when sinners die :
What terrors mark their final end ?
Blank horror gazes from the sky,
And spectral shades above them bend.
- 2 Hate is its own avenger still ;
And vice, the serpent, turns and stings :
Lust gathers back its bosom-ill ;
Deceit its own perdition brings.

- 3 Vain are the refuges of lies ;
 Death reaps the ripened fields of sin ;
And, when the fixed oppressor dies,
 His own transgressions fold him in.
- 4 Time passes like a flying cloud ;—
 O soul ! to God for refuge flee :
Weave not thine own immortal shroud ;
 Plunge not beneath destruction's sea.
- 5 The Lord, from age to age the same,
 Is mercy, patience, peace and love ;
But evil flies o'er fields of flame,
 Fixed in its hate for things above.
-

204.—THE INNER TEMPLE.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 How beauteous on the mountains now
 The temples of the skies,
With crowns of sunrise on the brow,
 Rejoice our inward eyes.
Though earth may seem all desolate,
 We lift our hearts above,
And pass, through faith's triumphal gate,
 To realms of perfect love.

2 But open, Lord ! this sabbath hour,
The temple gates within,
And give us, through Thy Spirit's power,
Thy blessed peace to win :
Here may we find that Holy Land
For which our bosoms pine,
With earnest will and faithful hand,
And hearts forever Thine.

3 Then, while the sweet, celestial chimes,
From heart to heart ring on,
Pour through our inmost bosom-climes
Thy spirit's benison ;
Till all our souls with Thine unite,
And all our thoughts, possess
Of life divine, Thy praise recite,
Like Angels in the breast.

205.—THE DOVES.

L. M.

1 The morning light is passing sweet
When holy Angels with us meet ;
Soft folded in their peaceful nest
The doves of Heaven delight the breast.

- 2 This sabbath morn, O Lord ! descend,
While gentlest Angels with us blend ;
And, free from schemes of earthly art,
May each find doves within the heart.
 - 3 And while within Thy Word we read,
And while before Thy throne we plead,
And while the gifts of praise we bring,
Still may the doves within us sing :
 - 4 Till, seen by Thee, we all appear,
In blended faith and love sincere,
Like that sweet Heaven that sings above,
Whose Angels own Messiah's dove.
-

206.—PRAYER FOR BROTHERLY LOVE.

11'S AND 10'S M.

- 1 We wait on God, within His temple kneeling.
Descend, Thou Spirit ! on us like the dove.
May each, a Savior's heart within him feeling,
Blend with his brethren in fraternal love.
- 2 Sweet are the ties that holy Angels cherish,
And loving hearts in Christ together flow ;
To-day, dear Lord ! may strife and envy perish,
Till we become one family below.

- 3 Let charity, in every breast prevailing,
Transform our lives in image of Thine own :
Help us to overcome our every failing,
And in us fix Thy everlasting throne.
- 4 Destroy, we pray, that sphere of isolation
Where virtues perish and affections die :
May each in Thee become a new creation,
And blend in oneness with the saints on
high.
- 5 O strike from every heart the icy fetter ;
Awake the Angel in the breast that sings :
Loving each other, we shall love Thee better,
Till every chord of life in music rings.
-

207.—THE DAILY CROSS.

L. M.

- 1 In every garden stands the cross ;
'Tis built from sorrow's thorny tree ;
And there, in fellowship of loss,
O Lord ! our souls remember Thee.
- 2 We are not saved through joy alone,
But sorrow leads us to the tree ;
And there, in mercy's inward tone,
Thy Spirit says, "Remember me !"

- 3 Beneath that cross we find the crown ;
We die to self on sorrow's tree ;
We lay our every burden down,
And then, dear Lord ! remember Thee.
-

208.—ECHOES FROM ETERNITY.

L. M.

- 1 The zephyr in the pine tree sings,
The dove has music in its wings,
The night-wind bears a murmur by
That echoes from eternity.
- 2 'Tis echo-land, this painted shell,
This outward world we love so well :
The thoughts, that on the senses die,
Are echoes from eternity.
- 3 Our hearts respond within the breast,
To Thee, dear Lord ! our inmost guest.
The joys we know Thy presence by
Are echoes from eternity.
- 4 The friends we love from sense depart,
But oft we feel them through the heart ;
Their words, dropt down from realms on high,
Are echoes from eternity.

- 5 The beams through Nature's face that shine;
The truths that make Thy Word divine,
And teach us how to live and die,
Are echoes from eternity.
- 6 Soon will these mortal years be o'er,
Then, whispering from Love's blissful shore,
Our thoughts to dear ones here shall fly
With echoes from eternity.
-

209.—CONTEND NOT.

S'S AND T'S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Contend not with thy brother,
Although he cannot see
The truth, that, to another,
Is light and liberty.
Perhaps an Angel holdeth
A vail before his eyes,
While God in heart infoldeth
The truth to make him wise.
- 2 He may be slowly growing,
Through sorrow, tears and strife;
And Heaven withholds the knowing
Till days of better life.

He may be inly striving
With foes that smite him down;
Or, even now, arriving
To glimpses of his crown.

3 But love him, though he serveth
Another God than thine;
And bless him, though he swerveth
From virtue's golden line.
He cannot be uplifted
Till mercy's gentle dove
Shall sing within him, gifted
With voice of perfect love.

210.—SCORN NOT.

L. M. DOUBLE.

1 Scorn not the sisterhood of toil;
For woman's lot is hard to bear;
And she who burns the midnight oil,
Preparing robes for princely wear,
Is daughter to the Man, who made
Upon the cross His dying moan,
And sitteth now, in light arrayed,
By Angels worshiped on His throne.

- 2 The hands that toil for daily bread,
In works that love inspires, are strong,
With influx from the fountain head
Of art, religion, truth and song.
God's faithful workers ! great or small,
Whate'er their sphere of use may be,—
His benedictions on them fall,
His Spirit makes them inly free.
- 3 Scorn not the lowly ! they are set
For pillars of the social base ;
They shall be deathless Angels yet,
And see the Savior face to face.
But they the toilers who despise,
And wear, unmeet, the social crown,
Alas ! their refuges of lies
Shall sink in shame and sorrow down.
- 4 God loves the just, the meek, the brave,
Inspired with all His holy Word,
Who give their hearts and lives to save
The poor disciples of the Lord.
He loves the faithful ! sea and land
Shall yield to Him their martyr-host ;
And they before His throne shall stand
Who serve Him best and love Him most.

211.—THE DYING HOUR.

C. M.

- 1 In perfect confidence I rest,
 Though earthly scenes remove,
 While gently, through my quiet breast,
 I feel the peace of love.
 - 2 My spirit-bark has reached the land,
 And, waiting on the shore,
 The beautiful beloved stand,
 And sing, "The storms are o'er."
 - 3 What strange delight, to sense unknown,
 Through all my being flows.
 My Savior! Thou art all my own,
 While heavenly worlds unclose.
 - 4 Thou art my everlasting light :
 The clouds of sense remove :—
 Triumphant faith dispels the night :—
 He crowns me with His love.
-

212.—LAST MOMENTS.

L. M.

- 1 My Savior's hand is on my breast,
 He gently whispers, "Peace, be still."
 In Thy dear love, O Lord! I rest,
 Submissive to Thy holy will.

- 2 I have no wish to stay or go,
But calmly trust Thy wise decree :
Thou art my confidence below,
And all my life belongs to Thee.
- 3 I see, in faith's translucent glass,
The pictures of Thy mercy shine.
Seraphic forms before me pass,
Arrayed in robes of peace divine.
- 4 The dust of memory blooms again ;
I count Thy tender mercies o'er,
Soft as the pearly morning rain,
Vast as the seas upon the shore.
- 5 My soul the blest assurance finds
Of heart renewed and sins forgiven.
Thy hand the silver cord unbinds ;
I sleep to earth, I wake to Heaven.
-

213.—JOHN THE BELOVED.

11's AND 10's M.

- 1 Mansions of glory, all our thought excelling,
Are thine, dear Angel ! on the sinless shore.
Where thou hast fixed thy beatific dwelling
The storms of earthly anguish beat no more.

- 2 There thou hast found a loveliness eternal :
Love hath its palace, truth its home in thee.
Thou art employed in uses all supernal,
Pouring thy light in music large and free.
- 3 On earth thou wert a lifter of the lowly,
And patient labor won thy life its crown ;
And now thou sittest in God's temple holy,
Wafting celestial benedictions down.
- 4 Come to us oft, O soul of rarest essence !
And bear sweet message from the Lord we
prize.
Diffuse heart-fragrance from His blissful
presence,
Who is the cynosure of angel-eyes.
-

214.—THE APOSTLE PAUL.

6's 6's AND 10's M.

- 1 The cross of Christ was thine :
In labors all divine,
Bearing the mighty message of the Word,
In singleness of mind,
Leaving the dross behind,
Thou didst abandon all things for the Lord.

2 Thou art an Angel now,
 And, crowning thy fair brow,
A wreath of spotless brilliancy is given :
 Thou to thy heart dost press,
 And in thy love possess
That sacred Word that binds mankind to
 Heaven :

3 And in thy heart enshrined,
 And fashioning thy mind,
The image of Messiah God we see ;
 And, still in zeal the same,
 Thou dost afar proclaim
In Christ the all in all of Deity.

215.—THE APOSTLE PETER.

L. M. DOUBLE.

1 Type of the faith that cannot die,
That rocks the earth and cleaves the sky,
That storms the powers of falsehood down,
And seeks with truth the world to crown,
Thou, Peter ! standest in thy place,
While here we run believing race ;
And Christ the Lord ! revealed through thee,
Shows faith divine in charity.

- 2 O soul of gentlest love ! thou art
Worn very near thy Savior's heart :
Thou wert content with human loss,
And bore through life an inward cross :
Keener than blade of burning steel
Smote the bright sword of inward zeal :
Thy words were stars of angel-flame
Revealing thy Redeemer's name.
- 3 In voices of the solemn night,
And harmonies of morning light,
Where martyrs bleed, for Christ who die,
Apostle ! thou to man art nigh :
A flame among God's fixed stars ;
A bolt that melts oppression's bars ;
While Jesus still thy zeal inspires,
And lights with love thy spirit's fires.
-

216.—THE UNFALLEN UNIVERSE.

S'S AND T'S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Where the nightly constellations
In harmonious orbits roll,
They are homes of kindred nations,
Undefined in heart and soul.

Loving God in wise devotion,
From the evil selfhood free,
They are lamps of pure emotion,
Burning bright with Deity.

2 They are one, in tender union,
With each other and the Lord ;
With His truth they hold communion ;
Love the precepts of His Word.
Bathed in atmospheres of splendor,
Lit by Christ, the inward sun,
Holy vows to Him they render,
In celestial paths they run.

3 There no storms of desolation
Roll from spheres of night below ;
Tranced in holy adoration,
God in heart and life they know.
They by Angels are attended,
Growing ever fair and wise,
Till in spirit they are blended
With the universal skies.

4 When the final call is given
They in glory pass away :
Thus Elijah rose to Heaven :
'Tis the soul's ascension day.

Heavenly mansions golden-gated,
Cities of the skies they win ;
Never dying, but translated,
They the God-life enter in.

217.—FAITH OF THE ANGELS.

P. M.

- 1 'Tis the Angels faith
That there is no death
In the stars of light that roll ;
But the dust exhales,
As the white mist fails,
In the sunrise of the soul.
- 2 There the faithful spouse,
In the bosom-house,
To the Lord of Life is true ;
And the inmost will
Is an Eden still,
That blooms in the Savior's view.
- 3 There the virtues rise,
Like the maidens wise,
With their golden lamps in hand ;
And they dwell for aye
In their bright array,
In the Bridegroom's bosom-land.

218.—WONDERS OF ETERNITY.

P. M.

- 1 A greater Eden yet shall rise,
When these dissolving earthly skies
Have vanished from our view.
Beyond the bounds of time and space
We shall behold the Savior's face,
And own His promise true.
 - 2 Though now, a small and feeble band,
We view by faith that better land,
'Mid storms and tears and strife,
Soon shall we tread the golden streets,
Where Christ with His beloved meets,—
And find eternal life.
 - 3 Prepare us, Lord ! through faith and love,
To serve Thee in the world above,
And, while the years decay,
O may we live, as those who wait,
Within Thy holy temple gate,
The great ascension day.
-

219.—HYMN OF HEAVEN.

10's M.

- 1 Crowned with the living flowers of heart-
delight,
And robed in rays of hyacinthine light,

And bearing golden roses in his hand,
An Angel met me from the blessed land.

2 He spake and said, "The second life succeeds
The first, as fruit trees from the growing seeds.
Regenerate men are germs of Angels wise ;
We sow on earth, we gather in the skies.

3 "Behold my country ! Hast thou ever trod
A world so glorious ? Lo ! the smile of God
Beams in the seasons, builds the matchless
dome ;
Art, wisdom, beauty, here have made their
home.

4 "Wouldst know its name, this country ?
'Tis the one
That through all regions and all works doth
run :
Not time nor space may grasp it in their span ;
'Tis inmost presence-world of God with man.

5 " 'Tis in us, o'er us, near us, high above ;
Bounded by wisdom, organised by love ;
Framed for all uses, free to all mankind
Their life in faith and charity who find."

220.—HYMN OF THE SOUL.

C. M.

- 1 Within the spirit's mystic shrine
The altar lights are seven,
All kindled by the flame divine
That fills the courts of Heaven.
- 2 Within the light a three-fold ray
Of fire divine is given ;
'Tis that which gilds with endless day
The three-fold realms of Heaven.
- 3 Within the ray the Lord appears,
And, in his breast, the seven
Creative, archetypal spheres
That flow through every Heaven.
- 4 When, to the soul's interior eyes,
That inmost sight is given,
Like pillared flames those fires arise,—
Lamps round God's throne in Heaven.
- 5 And He who sits thereon is seen,
And round His throne are seven
Celestial spheres, that widely beam,
And are the skies of Heaven.

221.—MYSTERIES OF SLEEP.

G L. L. M.

- 1 Before my spirit takes its flight,
Incline my heart, O Lord ! aright :
With inward breathings ope my breast,
And visit me with sinless rest,
That I may rise in sleep to be
Where holy Angels worship Thee.
- 2 Beyond the mystic vale of dreams
Supernal morn arrays its beams ;
Far from my thought the earth retires ;
Celestial peace my heart inspires ;
I pass through slumber's awful doors,
And stand on Heaven's translucent floors.
- 3 Here my own thoughts before me pass ;
Time, like a dome of cloudy glass,
With all its pageants melts away ;
Within me dawns the judgment day ;
All that the outward world concealed
Is in its essence now revealed.
- 4 But see ! my Savior standeth by ;
Beneath the brightness of His eye
A nobler morn begins to break :
He bids me of His life partake ;
And whispers, " Child, thy sins resign ;
Then thou shalt be forever mine."

- 5 To outer earth my soul returns,
But still that light within me burns.
Still, with the judgment dawn in view,
The path of glory I'll pursue,
Nor wait, nor linger, while I see
Eternal life awaiting me.
-

222.—PERSONAL JUDGMENT.

6 L. 7's M.

- 1 Who shall stand and meet the day
When his heaven dissolves away ;
When his earth, beneath the feet,
Vanishes in fervent heat ;
And the vestures of the soul
In consuming splendors roll ?
- 2 Who shall stand and meet the day
When his thoughts, in dread array,
Rise before the judgment seat,
The Incarnate Truth to meet ;
Earth and seas of passions fled
Yielding up the living dead ?
- 3 Who shall stand and meet the day ?
Those who breathe their lives away
Binding up the hearts that bleed ;
Sowing earth with holy seed ;
Loving on through grief and loss ;
Martyrs by the daily cross :

- 4 These shall stand and meet the day :
Christ, the judge, shall inly say,
"Welcome to the great reward,
Life eternal in the Lord."
Christ shall in them dwell and be
Savior to eternity.
-

223.—CORONATION OF THE LORD.

C. M.

- 1 Come, praise the Lord, with hearts that rise
From sin and Satan's thrall,
While Angels worship in the skies
We'll crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let all our hearts and minds agree
His glorious name to call.
In His Divine Humanity
We'll crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every pure and sacred race,
On each terrestrial ball,
Behold the glories of His face,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 He bowed the Heavens beneath His feet
To save us from the fall,
And makes our earth His mercy-seat ;—
We'll crown Him Lord of all.

224.—ASCENSION OF THE LORD.

L. M.

- 1 He dies ! the Great Redeemer dies !
The Angels wonder while they see
The Lord of Heaven and earth arise,
To set the captive nations free.
 - 2 “Lift up your gates, ye sacred doors !”
With loud exulting voice they cry,
“The mighty Lord, whom Heaven adores,
In triumph rises to the sky.”
 - 3 From star to star the chorus flies,
“The hosts of hell are conquered now.”
“Behold the Savior !” Heaven replies,
“With love eternal on His brow.”
 - 4 Redeeming Lord ! Thy sacred name
Shall swell to earth’s remotest shore,
When every trump of human fame
Is hushed in silence evermore.
-

225.—SPIRITUAL ADVENT OF THE LORD.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
How swiftly glide the hours,
Where, clasped within the Lord’s embrace,
We feel His heart in ours !

- 2 Again the flowers of Eden spring,
To greet the wishful eye :
Here let us worship while we sing,
For Christ is passing by.
- 3 He comes, to roll the rock away,
And bid our spirits rise,
To an immortal sabbath day,
With Angels in the skies.
- 4 Interior joys attest His grace,
In love diffused abroad ;
Then let us bow before His face,
And own the present God.
-

226.—INTERNAL ADVENT OF THE LORD.

8'S AND 7'S M.

- 1 Jesus comes by saints attended !
He is in His temple now !
Truth and might supreme are blended
In the splendors of His brow.
- 2 Through the spirit's aisles are pealing
Strains that erst in Heaven began,
Everlasting life revealing,
Love to God and love to man.

- 3 Lo ! the judgment trump is calling !
Love revives no more to die !
Idols from the heart are falling ;
Tears are wiped from every eye.
- 4 Ye, who bear the cross He giveth,
Lay in peace your burdens down :
Not a soul, for Christ that liveth,
But receives the victor's crown.
-

227.—THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

7's M.

- 1 Who are these in bright array ?
Guardian Saints and Angels they ;
Smiting down the foes that rise ;
Filling all the earth and skies.
- 2 Hark ! their golden trumpets blow,
Where they stand in burning row.
Christ descends the earth to free ;
'Tis the Year of Jubilee.
- 3 Saints and Angels with us meet,
Kneeling at the Savior's feet ;
Wrapt in silence they adore ;
Christ hath entered at the door.

- 4 Breathe Thy blessing, Savior ! now,
While we pay the solemn vow :
God of all the angel-host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
-

228.—CHRIST IN HIS NEW CHURCH.

7's M.

- 1 Here shall Christ be all in all.
None shall to his brother call
Saying, " Know the Lord," for He
Shall appear in charity.
- 2 Holy hands to lift the weak,
Hearts by love made pure and meek,
Souls that burn with mercy's flame,
Shall the inward Christ proclaim.
- 3 Break the bonds of party strife ;
Own the Savior in the life ;
Nearest to the Lord are those
Who His perfect love disclose.
- 4 Faith, that soars from things of sense
By an inward evidence,
And attains to joys above,
Lives within the heart by love.

- 5 Faith that smites the tempter down,
Faith that grasps the martyr's crown,
Faith, in Christ to die or live,
Christ within can only give.
-

229.—WITNESSES OF THE ADVENT.

L. M.

- 1 Who are the mighty? they who dare
Thy second advent, Lord! declare;
And, while the dark infernals fear,
Proclaim aloud that Christ is here.
- 2 Bright are the crowns of those who spake
In days of old for Jesus' sake,
And bravely to the burning trod,
For witness of incarnate God.
- 3 But we a nobler dawn behold;
That day of glory, long foretold,
Breaks from the inward Heaven afar,
With marshalled hosts from every star.
- 4 But who shall dare attest His name,
Who comes, to wrap the world in flame,
To melt mankind with fervent heat,
And make the soul his judgment seat?

- 5 Savior ! while Angels with us bend,
Through our united hearts descend,
Till all our lives, with sweet accord,
Reveal the coming of the Lord.
-

230.—JUDGMENT.

P. M.

- 1 Day of judgment ! day of wonders !
Bursting loud, with angel-thunders,
Earth awaits thy advent now.
Jesus comes, the king supernal,
Opes the gates of life eternal,
Where His suppliant people bow.
- 2 Hark ! the trumpet ! the Immortals
Stand in waiting at the portals,
Where the Judge of Earth descends.
Spirits from the deep are rising,
Sons of earth with fear surprising,
While the night of ages ends.
- 3 Be thou like thy Savior minded ;
Bear His message to the blinded ;
Sound His truth from shore to shore.
While the judgment-bolts are falling,
Smiting earth with woes appalling,
Cry that Christ is at the door.

- 4 Lo He cometh ! vailed from vision,
Only seen through gates Elysian,
In His Holy Trinity.
Angels worship, where they gather
God the Spirit, Son and Father,
In Divine Humanity.
- 5 Day of judgment ! all shall perish,
Who in heart their evils cherish,
In the great, impending doom.
Darker breaks the terror o'er them ;
Darker stand the years before them ;
Till their sins are made their tomb.
- 6 Day of judgment, long predicted,
Thou shalt cleanse the earth afflicted ;
God hath heard His children call.
Shout, from nation unto nation,
Mercy, blessing and salvation !
Christ shall reign, the Lord of all.
-

231.—CHRIST THE DOOR.

L. M.

- 1 "I am the door," the Savior cried,
"For those, who in My love abide,
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
Dawns the sweet day of endless life."

- 2 Jesus, our Lord ! we come to Thee,
That life to find, that Heaven to see :
O gather us, within Thy breast,
To mansions of eternal rest.
- 3 In Thee the all of Heaven we find,—
Its love Thy heart, its light Thy mind,
Its air Thy breath, its every grace
Some ray from Thy beloved face.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we enter in
The rest Thy loving people win ?
Be Thou our light, our guide, our way,
To its immortal sabbath day.
-

232.—CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP.

7'S M.

- 1 Bound upon the dying cross
Christ our sins and sorrows bore.
We are saved, in grief and loss,
Saved, in loving more and more.
Jesus in us lives, and we
Must His meek disciples be.

- 2 When we live for love alone,
 When we bear the brother's load,
Jesus claims us for His own ;
 We are in the arms of God.
He to sin who daily dies
Hath his hand upon the prize.
- 3 When we dry the mourner's tear,
 When for cruel foes we pray,
Christ shall in the heart appear,
 Christ inspire the words we say :
He shall through our life descend,
And receive us at the end.
-

233.—TIME AND ETERNITY.

P. M.

- 1 Time is but a narrow stream.
 At our feet that dies ;
Life is but a tender dream,
 Ere Jesus bids us rise.
Soon the spirit flies the clay,—
 Death dissolves the mortal clod,—
Rising to immortal day,
 Present with its God.

- 2 Fixed in Christ we overcome
Sin and death and hell ;
We with Jesus are at home
While on earth we dwell.
Foes are subject at our feet,
Conquerors in Christ we prove,
Till we rise our Lord to meet,—
Triumph in His love.
- 3 Crowns of glory wait for all
Who receive Him here ;
Christ shall hear them when they call,—
In their midst appear.
Clothed in raiment pure and white
They before His face shall stand,
Singing praises day and night,
With the angel-band.
-

234.—THE LORD'S PRESENCE.

C. M.

- 1 If thou hast dried the mourner's tear,
Or hushed the orphan's cry,
Inspired by mercy all sincere,
The Lord was standing by :

- 2 And, though thou didst not own His name,
By outward sign or word,
That sweet and secret bosom-flame
Was kindled by the Lord.
- 3 Fling wide, fling wide the mystic doors,
That ope within the breast !
He comes, whom every Heaven adores,
To be our constant guest.
- 4 He comes, to make the heart His throne,
And pour His life abroad,
And all who live for love alone
Possess Messiah God.
-

235.—THE LORD'S KINGDOM.

C. M.

- 1 Let cheerful songs of pure delight
Succeed the throes of pain ;
The soul is bathed in sabbath light ;
The Lord has come to reign.
- 2 Our hearts are rising from the dead ;
Our souls forsake the grave ;
Then dry the tears your eyes have shed,
For Christ is here to save.

3 The Lord, whom Heaven and earth adores,
Has heard our solemn vow ;
He stands within His temple doors,
To bless His people now.

4 He comes to be His children's guest :
With joyful songs we move
To sinless Heavens of perfect rest,
And triumph in His love.

236.—THE LORD'S PERSONAL REIGN.

8'S AND 7'S M.

1 Come, ye blessed of the Father !
Welcome to the Lord's right hand !
Holy Angels with you gather ;
Christ unveils the promised land.

2 Ye who once were not a nation
Shall possess the earth and skies ;
Enter, from your tribulation,
Through the gates of Paradise.

3 Hunger ye for sinless pleasures ?
Pine ye for the Angels' bread ?
Seek ye for eternal treasures ?
Here ye shall by Christ be fed.

- 4 Through the skies the Lord descending,
Comes His triumph to complete ;
All our hearts with His are blending
While we worship at His feet.
-

237.—THE MILLENNIAL GLORIES.

L. M.

- 1 A brighter age succeeds our own ;
The Savior, whom to-day we meet,
Shall make through earth His advent known,
While nations worship at His feet.
- 2 The Church, that, like an infant, sleeps
Within this cradled fold, shall be
Vast as the heaven with all its deeps,
And strong as the unfettered sea.
- 3 Triumphant let your songs ascend,
For Christ redeems us, while we give
Our spirits with His own to blend,
And in immortal newness live.
- 4 Christ is within : rejoice ! rejoice !
Resound the chorus wide and far ;
Till day repeats the joyful voice,
And night responds from every star.

238.—THE INWARD WITNESS.

L. M.

- 1 The winter of the world is past,
The vernal Spring returns again,
The fruitful seed from Heaven is cast,
And blossoms in the hearts of men.
 - 2 Now earth shall be Immanuel's fold,
And Satan's victims burst their thrall,
Death from his awful throne be hurled,
And hell yield up its trophies all.
 - 3 A voice is on the sabbath air,
A voice within us while we pray ;
Dear Lord ! it bids our hearts prepare
The Inward Witness to obey.
 - 4 O cleanse us by Thy sovereign love,
Till we the selfhood all resign :
Our hearts are fixed on joys above ;
Our spirits own Thy will divine.
-

239.—CHRIST RECEIVED BY THE LOWLY.

S'S AND T'S M.

- 1 Jesus comes, but few receive Him :
As of old the earth denies :
None of worldly mind believe Him,
While the Inward Witness cries.

- 2 Folded are the hands in slumber,
While the great sabbatic year
Dawns on scenes of wo and wonder,
And the Lord is with us here.
- 3 Savior ! ope the judgment portals ;
Bid the world awake, to see
Countless legions of Immortals,
Owning and adoring Thee.
- 4 Soothe the pangs of inward anguish ;
Foil the wily tempter's art ;
Let Thy people, where they languish,
Feel Thy coming in the heart.
- 5 Only as our hearts infold Thee
Can we share the great reward,
And, with Angels who behold Thee,
Rise to oneness in the Lord.
-

240.—THE JUDGMENT OF OPPRESSORS.

C. M.

- 1 While mercy pleads, and pity weeps,
And wisdom cries in vain,
The shadow from the mountain creeps,
And lengthens o'er the plain.

- 2 The hands that smite, the feet that tread
The meek and lowly down,
Shall soon appear amidst the dead,
And sink in silence down.
 - 3 Then, rising from beneath the rod,
The patient, pure and wise,
Approved and justified of God,
Shall claim the earth and skies.
 - 4 Wisdom and righteousness and peace
Shall dwell with mortal men ;
The swelling waves of strife shall cease.
And earth be Eden then.
 - 5 Through endless years of blissful rest
Messiah's seed shall reign,
And earth, upon Immanuel's breast,
Repose from all its pain.
-

241.—CHRIST IN HIS TEMPLE.

S'S AND 7'S M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Faith and hope and love returning,
Here have fixed their constant seat :
All our hearts with Christ are burning ;
He is with us when we meet.

- Hark ! ten thousand angel-voices
Echo from the skies above ;
Jesus comes, while Heaven rejoices,
In us dwells, the God of love.
- 2 Wounded souls, forget your anguish !
Hearts, that bled at sorrow's door,
Cease despairingly to languish ;
Jesus bids you grieve no more.
Grace divine, o'er sins abounding,
Comes the willing heart to save ;
Angel-hosts, the world surrounding,
View the soul forsake its grave.
- 3 Marshalled in their shining legions
They the work of wonder see ;
And, through all the heavenly regions,
Blow the trump of Jubilee.
While seraphic hosts adore Thee,
And Thy advent here proclaim,
Savior ! we would kneel before Thee,
And in heart confess Thy name.
-

242.—SINS CRUCIFIED.

C. M.

- 1 The dying thief upon the cross
To Jesus turned his eyes ;
Then woke, beyond the vale of loss,
To dwell in Paradise.

- 2 O nail our sins upon the tree,
That, when we leave them there,
Our souls, in holiness made free,
Dear Lord ! Thy life may share.
- 3 Pierce, with Thy love, our hands and side ;
Transfix our inmost part ;
Till all our evil thoughts have died,
And all our sins depart.
- 4 Then, when we learn, in faith and love,
To suffer and forgive,
Exalt us to that life above
Where saints and Angels live.
-

243.—THE CHURCH, OLD AND NEW.

L. M.

- 1 When faithful Mary, at the cross,
Beheld the drops of anguish fall,
Her broken heart bewailed its loss,
Bereft of life and hope and all.
- 2 But, when the glorious morning broke,
And Jesus triumphed o'er the grave,
A nobler faith within her woke,
Her spirit owned Him strong to save.

- 3 So, when the ancient Church expires,
 We grieve its ebbing life to see,
But, far above, seraphic choirs
 See Judgment end in victory.
- 4 The rock is rent that sealed the tomb,
 The Judgment-Angel cleaves the skies,
And, shining through the midnight gloom
 We see the Church we loved arise.
- 5 Transfigured shines that Sovereign Lord
 Whom first we met in childhood's bowers ;
And lives again that sacred Word,
 That breathes His love and kindles ours.
-

244.—INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOR.

L. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus come ! we wait to see
 An inward light revealing Thee.
O make our bosoms, while we meet,
 With holy ardors pure and sweet.
- 2 We have no claim upon Thy grace,
 Yet seek in Thee a resting place,
A light to guide o'er sorrow's wave,
 A sure abode beyond the grave.

- 3 Thou dost with holy Angels dwell ;
Abide in us, dear Lord ! as well,
That, clasping still Thy faithful hand,
We all may find the promised land.
- 4 And, while we ask Thy presence here,
In all Thy children's hearts appear,
Till all mankind, with full accord,
Forsake their sins to find the Lord.
-

245.—INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOR.

C. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus ! make Thy coming known,
Through all these hearts of ours :
Revive the light, of old that shone
O'er Eden's fragrant bowers.
- 2 Far as the ancient curse has trod
Let righteousness abound,
Till, in the faith and love of God,
A fairer life is found.
- 3 The spirit of the will revive
Till we are dead no more ;
Bid grace and truth and mercy thrive
To Earth's remotest shore.

- 4 Transform us, by Thy Spirit's grace,
Till we have found in Thee,
The love that seeks, with fond embrace,
The world from sin to free.
-

246.—CHRISTIAN APOSTLESHIP.

T's M.

- 1 Take thy brother's heart in thine ;
Hold it there by love divine ;
So shall he the Lord receive,
And in perfect faith believe.
- 2 As the lifeless clay is sweet,
Lying at the rose's feet,
While, in humble toil, we live,
Christ Himself shall to us give.
- 3 Make thy brother's heart thine own,
Bear it to the Savior's throne,
That, when Christ descendeth, He
May awake its life through thee.
- 4 As the dying rose exhales
Fragrance to the summer gales,
Breathe thy spirit through his breast ;
Love him from the land of rest :

- 5 Till that perfect love shall flow
Filled with life to him below,
And he owns the pure desires
That Messiah God inspires.
-

247.—CHRIST WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

L. M.

- 1 Where those who love the Savior meet
His presence makes the place divine ;
They kneel with Mary at His feet ;
With John upon His breast recline.
- 2 With fruits from Heaven's immortal trees
Attendant Angels crown the board ;
And each within his brother sees
The beauteous image of the Lord.
- 3 While, to His courts, their feet repair,
Their hearts outstrip them on the road,
And, clothed in raiment white and fair,
They banquet on the love of God.
- 4 Free from the bonds of party strife
They hear the Gentle Shepherd's call,
Till, gathered in the fold of life,
Messiah God is all in all.

248.—PRAYER FOR DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

8'S AND 7'S M.

- 1 Jesus Christ ! Thou only Savior !
 Make us know Thy Word aright :
All our inward strivings favor,
 While we seek the better light.
- 2 To us give the priceless treasure
 In its truth divine that lies ;
Finding there Thy holy pleasure ;
 Serving Thee with Angels wise.
- 3 Ope to us those burning pages
 Which Thy wondrous love record ;
Show the providence of ages,
 That mankind may own Thee Lord.
- 4 While the outer veil is riven,
 Wrapt in wonder, may we see
Every truth of earth and Heaven
 Praising and adoring Thee ;
- 5 Till the spirit, through the letter,
 Shines upon us like the sun,
Guiding us to know Thee better ;
 And eternal life is won.

249.—POWER OF THE WORD.

C. M.

- 1 Where'er the sacred Word unfolds
Its page by day or night,
An Angel stands, and for us holds
The lamp of God's own light.
 - 2 There, while we read, our bosoms yearn
For Heavens of love divine ;
And "thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn,"
Within us make their shrine.
 - 3 Our faith, that was a barren tree,
Now blooms like Aaron's rod ;
With it we smite the stormy sea,
And journey home to God.
-

250.—THE GLORIES OF THE WORD.

11's M.

- 1 The Word is my pillar by day and by night ;
It moves o'er the desert in glory and might ;
It flames in the morning to bid me arise,
And points, through the darkness, my path
to the skies.

- 2 The Word is my Angel, who with me hath
trod
The pathway of love that leads home to my
God ;
And, though we may pass the dark vale of
the tomb,
The roses of Eden shed fragrance and bloom.
- 3 The Word is my fortress; I stand on its hight,
And conquer the foes of my soul in the fight ;
Its love is my weapon, its truth is my shield ;
The Lord hath within it His presence revealed.
- 4 The Word is my palace, with Christ at the
door :
I enter the courts where the Angels adore :
They rise to receive me, with lovely accord,
And welcome me in to the feast of the Lord.



251.—SYMBOLS OF THE LORD.

L. M.

- 1 With holy joy our songs record
The names and glories of the Lord.
He is the life, the truth, the way ;
A sun and shield by night and day.

- 2 He is the bright and morning star ;
The inmost light of Heaven afar ;
The healing stream, for sin that flows ;
The tree of life ; and Sharon's rose.
- 3 He is the Shepherd, in whose breast
The poor and lowly are at rest ;
We follow where He leads before ;
And Heaven is His, and He the door.
- 4 "I am the vine, the branches ye ;"
Of old He spake, "abide in me :"
The Word made flesh, for man to bleed ;
And bread from Heaven, the soul to feed.
- 5 He is the Judge, who shall decree
Where our eternal home shall be :
Before His face, in that great day,
The heavens and earth shall pass away.
- 6 He is our hope, our heaven, our all ;
Before His glorious face we fall :
While saints and Angels with us cry,
"Hosanna to the Lord Most High !"

252.—HYMN OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

C. M.

- 1 The shepherds watched their flocks by night,
When, through the silent sky,
A thousand tongues of love and light
Awoke their melody.
 - 2 We watch within Thy temple still,
Lord Jesus ! from above,
Our waiting hearts and bosoms fill
With sacred songs of love.
 - 3 The Advent Angel cried, of old,
“Upon this hallowed morn,
To rule and reign in Zion’s fold,
The Savior, Christ, is born.”
 - 4 Hark ! once again the chorus peals :
The Lord of glory now
His advent in the soul reveals,
Where’er His people bow.
-

253.—THE NEW JERUSALEM.

12’S AND 11’S M.

- 1 Awake from the dust where the spoiler hath
laid thee :
O daughter of Zion ! in glory arise.

Dark, dark, was the night when thy foeman
betrayed thee ;

Now bright is the morning that dawns in
the skies.

2 Wake, daughter of Zion ! from sorrow
ascending ;

And sit on the throne of the nations again.

Praise Him who redeems thee, in worship
unending,

The Lord of the Angels, the Savior of
men !

3 Go forth in thy beauty from nation to nation,
For lovely and sweet thy dominion shall
be :

Thy heralds before thee are Peace and
Salvation,

And Love follows on like the waves of the
sea.

4 Wake, daughter of Zion ! thy pathway
adorning,

The roses of Paradise deathlessly bloom.

Arrayed on the throne of eternity's morning

The earth shall arise at thy voice from the
tomb.

254.—LIVING AND DYING IN CHRIST.

C. M.

- 1 When sickness lays its burning hand
 Upon the fevered breast,
Thou, Lord ! dost by the pillow stand,
 To soothe the soul to rest.
- 2 Thy touch is on the throbbing heart,
 To lighten every pain ;
And, throned within our inmost part,
 Thou dost in mercy reign.
- 3 The bitter buds of sorrow's tree
 Unfold celestial flowers ;
While oft, by prayer, we find in Thee
 A life of nobler powers.
- 4 In every grief that passes by
 A Cherub folds its wings ;
And, while the laboring breast may sigh,
 In it an Angel sings :
- 5 And when, upon the dying bed,
 Our blissful souls recline,
Dear Lord ! they are in glory wed
 Unto Thy life divine.

255.—CHRIST PRESENT IN SUPPERING.

C. M.

- 1 When Jesus comes to call us hence,
And we from earth depart,
We know Him by the perfect sense
Of love that fills the heart.
 - 2 The waves of anguish at our feet
In sabbath music cease,
And, through the spirit, flows the sweet,
Still voice of inward peace.
 - 3 Jesus can make the vale of tears
With Sharon's roses bloom :
The glory in our death appears
That shines beyond the tomb.
 - 4 Then, with the Savior standing by,
Our hearts triumphant sing,
"O death ! where is thy victory ?
O grave ! where is thy sting ?"
-

256.—CHRIST PRESENT IN DYING.

L. M.

- 1 Cleft by the bitter strokes of pain
Our ashes mingle with the sod ;
'Tis thus our full release we gain ;
And inly rise to be with God.

- 2 Though sharp these outward pains we bear
They vanish with the rising day :
Our Savior opes His mansion there,
And shines before to light the way.
- 3 What though we shed the parting tear ?
Where tear-drops never fall we rise.
We die in peace, with Jesus here,
To live with Jesus in the skies.
- 4 With Christ within the heart confest,
We joy to bid the world farewell.
Forever saved, forever blest,
We enter where His children dwell.
-

257.—CHRIST IN THE RESURRECTION.

L. M.

- 1 When Christ His presence sheds abroad
Our last, expiring pains are o'er.
We sleep to earth, we live to God,
No more to weep, to die no more.
- 2 All is forgot that gave us pain ;
Our conquered sins dissolve away ;
His mercy is a shoreless main ;
His presence an eternal day.

- 3 All that we hoped or wished below
The present Savior to us gives ;
And kindred hearts together flow
While He within them ever lives.
- 4 With joyful steps of swift delight
In Heaven's eternal round we run ;
And journey through the courts of light
As dew-drops rise to meet the sun.
-

258.—CHRIST PRESENT IN HEAVEN

C. M.

- 1 When we to dwell with Jesus rise,
With saints at His right hand,
His thoughts appear as jeweled skies,
Above a beauteous land.
- 2 There all His mercies bloom, confest,
In fields of fadeless flowers.
The joys that dwell within His breast
Perfume our bridal bowers.
- 3 Sweet friends we loved on earth before
In robes of glory shine ;
The chalice of the heart runs o'er
While Jesus pours the wine.

- 4 The stars are choirs of Angels bright
That celebrate His grace ;
And Morning crimsons with delight
While she beholds His face.
- 5 Well may the skies their joys declare,
The morn her blushes hide,—
The Savior is the bridegroom there !
His people are the bride !
-

259.—CHRIST ON THE DEEP.

7's M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Rocked upon the stormy sea
Peacefully in Christ we sleep,
Free from care, from peril free ;—
Jesus walks upon the deep.
All the winds His voice obey ;
All the waters own His will.
In our hearts we hear Him say
“I am with you ! peace, be still !”
- 2 Rocked upon the stormy deep,
Savior ! we in faith would rise,
Where the watchful Angels keep
Guard above in Paradise.

Outwardly our forms recline
Where the breaking billows foam,
But, within Thy love divine,
We have found our spirit's home.

- 3 Rocked upon the stormy wave,
We Thy sovereign love implore,
Till, beyond the mortal grave,
We are saved, to sin no more.
Jesus keep us while we rest,
Free from sin, from trouble free,
Calmed upon Thy loving breast,
'Mid the perils of the sea.
-

260.—CHRIST PRESENT IN SHIPWRECK.

7's AND 6's M.

- 1 The Lord is on the billow ;
His glory lights the wave ;
His breast shall be our pillow ;
He comes in might to save.
- 2 There is no pain in dying.
Why should we grieve and weep ?
Through all the storm are flying
The Angels of the deep.

- 3 Hark ! cheerily their voices
Break through the driving foam.
"Christ in our midst rejoices
To bid you welcome home."
- 4 "Give to the winds your sorrow ;
Soon will your toils be o'er ;
We'll stand with Christ to-morrow
In safety on the shore."
- 5 It may a moment grieve us
To bid the world farewell ;
But Jesus shall receive us ;
Then, Shipmates, all is well !
-

261.—EVIL SPIRITS.

L. M.

- 1 When, rising from their fiery woes,
The Spirits of the lost appear,
They lead the world astray through those
Whose hearts deny the Savior here.
- 2 Throned in the carnal mind, they boast
That they are gods, who once were men ;
While through their arts the fallen host
Would crucify the Lord again.

- 3 We ask Thy blessing, Savior ! now ;
And, while within Thy fold we meet,
O make the hosts of Satan bow,
And bind them at Thy people's feet,
- 4 Till all the bands of error fall,
Till every captive heart is free,
Till Thou art owned the Lord of all,
And all the world is blest in Thee.
-

262.—MANIFESTATIONS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

C. M.

- 1 While, clasped within the Lord's embrace,
We own His presence here ;
The fallen spirits of our race
To countless minds appear.
- 2 'Ten thousand thousand' is their name,
And, from their wormwood star,
They dart their messages of flame
Through every land afar.
- 3 These are the guilty ones of old,
Messiah who denied,
And high o'er Zion's fallen fold
The Savior crucified.

- 4 These are the multitudes who fell
 On Egypt's evil coast,
 Armed with the sorceries of hell,
 A pale, demoniac host.
- 5 They whisper on the midnight wind,
 They taint the silent air ;
 But in the heart their plagues unbind,
 And mock the Savior there :
- 6 And those who from their magic plan,
 And love their foul control,
 Are secret foes of God and man,
 And suicides of soul :
- 7 And soft and sweet as Lybian airs
 May be the notes they sing ;
 But each within the bosom bears
 The scorpion's fiery sting.
- 8 Help us, O Lord ! in Thee to stand,
 And all their deeds to shun,
 Lest we with all their guilty band
 Be evermore undone.
-

263.—DOCTRINES OF EVIL SPIRITS.

L. M.

- 1 The spirits of the lost agree
 To load with scorn the sacred Word ;
They boast themselves the wise and free,
 And pour contempt upon the Lord.
- 2 The gay, the blind, the worldly wise,
 Are victims to their magic thrall :
Accusing conscience vainly cries,
 In vain their Guardian Angels call.
- 3 And oft the heedless mind is led,
 From Zion's gates of praise and prayer ;
Where syren-hands the feast have spread,
 And furies haunt the venom'd air.
- 4 Safe in triumphant Zion's fold
 We smile at Satan's cruel art :
By faith the Savior we behold,
 And own the gospel in the heart.
- 5 Accept, O Lord ! our solemn vow :
 We will not cease the flood to stem,
Till all Thy ransomed people bow
 Within the New Jerusalem.

264.—CONTRITION FOR SIN.

S. M.

- 1 'Tis good for sin to weep !
Come, shed the falling tear.
The shadows lengthen while we sleep.
The Judgment Day is near.
 - 2 'Tis good to bear the cross !
The Savior always hears,
When, crucified in pleasure's loss,
We shed repentant tears.
 - 3 None, till their sins they hate,
In bitterness of mind ;
Can enter in, through mercy's gate,
Redeeming love to find.
 - 4 Weep, while the Lord implores,
And find the heart forgiven.
'Tis Jesus enters at the doors,
And holds the keys of Heaven.
-

265.—VICTORY OVER EVIL SPIRITS.

C. M.

- 1 Seraphic legions hold the crown
Before the Christian's way,
And, while he smites the spoiler down,
Hold him in full survey.

- 2 They triumph there the Lord to see
 Within His servant dwell ;
Till conflict ends in victory
 O'er sin and death and hell.
- 3 Stern are the foes he still must face,
 And cold the briny flood ;
But he beholds the Savior's face,
 And lives and dies in God.
- 4 A thousand years of martyr-strife
 May smite their blows in one ;
A thousand Angels pour their life,
 Through every vein to run.
- 5 There Christ within at last shall stand,
 And break Apolyon's dart ;
Then raise him to His own right hand,
 And fold him to His heart.
-

266.—TRIUMPH OVER SPIRITUAL FOES.

12'S AND 11'S M.

- 1 What rapturous joys are the Angels fore-
telling ?
Our spirits arise from the mansions of clay,
To dwell with the Lord in that glory excelling
Which beams from the Word through
eternity's day.

- 2 The dungeons of evil in gladness forsaking,
We rise in the paths that the holy have
trod ;
The eyes that were blinded, the hearts that
were aching,
Are healed and restored by the presence
of God.
- 3 The foes that have bound us shall tremble
before Him ;
The sins we have hated forgotten shall be ;
And deep through the heart, while we love
and adore Him,
His mercy shall flow like the waves of the
sea.
-

267.—VICTORIES OF THE NEW CHURCH.

P. M.

- 1 Martyr blood is on the brow,
Ere it shows the victor's crown :
As of old we find it now,
Christians fight while demons frown ;
And the world will count its foes
All who Satan's arts oppose.

- 2 We must sow the Word in tears,
Fearing not the fiery blast.
Cast away your doubts and fears,
For the harvest ripens fast.
Where we cast the holy seed
Reaping Angels shall succeed.
- 3 Blow the gospel trumpets, blow,
Round the foeman's brazen walls.
Onward march in burning row ;
'Tis the great Messiah calls :
Though we seem a feeble band,
He shall give the promised land.
-

268.—THE ADVERSARY.

C. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 Fallen is thy throne, O Lucifer !
Christ hath the wine-press trod.
The earth forsakes her sepulcher,
Clasped in the arms of God.
Christ enters through the mercy-gate,
To rule forevermore.
Thy kingdom shall be desolate ;
Thy cruel reign is o'er.

- 2 Fair was the star that treasured thee
Among its princes wise ;
Vast were the realms that pleased thee,
Gemmed with unfallen skies.
Thou hast no more that Morning Star.
Christ, in the ages old,
Where thou didst wage unholy war
Fires of destruction rolled.
- 3 Hell centres in thy heart and reins ;
Thou art its demon king.
But, smitten with consuming pains,
Death shall thy bosom sting.
Earth, that hath been enslaved by thee,
Shall bind thee at her feet,
And lead thee up triumphantly,
Thy judgment doom to meet.
- 4 Rejoice, ye Nations ! over him,—
Lord of the star that fell.
No more his guile shall cover him ;
Pierced is the shield of hell.
One star was lost because of him ;
A nobler shall be given,
All peopled with the Seraphim,
Where he was cast from Heaven.

269.—THE MIRACLES OF PRAYER.

7'S AND 6'S M.

- 1 Though Spirits oft dissemble,
 To lead the soul astray,
The hosts of Satan tremble
 To hear a Christian pray.
- 2 Still flow the healing fountains ;
 The saint, upon his knees,
Can cleave the spirit-mountains,
 And still the fiery seas.
- 3 The prayerless heart is riven
 With thunderbolts from hell ;
The prayerless mind is driven
 Where godless demons dwell ;
- 4 A prayerless land is blighted
 With hate's destructive breath ;
And prayerless lives are plighted
 To everlasting death.
- 5 By prayer are sins forgiven ;
 By prayer the sick restored ;
Prayer opes the gates of Heaven ;
 In prayer we find the Lord.

- 6 The feet, that oft would falter,
Through prayer to Christ are led ;
And, kneeling at the altar,
Our hearts forsake the dead.
-

270.—THE JUDGMENT OF EVIL SPIRITS.

L. M.

- 1 Break the psychology of hell,
Lord Jesus ! by Thy sovereign might :
From conquered sin's magnetic spell
Uplift our souls to Zion's hight.
- 2 Cast out the demons of the race,
Break the destroyer's magic rod,
Till every tongue Thy name confess,
And Thou art owned the living God.
- 3 In us the mighty work begin ;
In us the gospel trumpet blow ;
Search out and slay our inward sin ;
Let Paradise within us grow.
- 4 Our bodies heal, our minds restore,
Our hearts renew, our sins forgive,
Till fiery floods their deluge pour
Through every form where demons live.

- 5 Then, when they fly, as once of old,
 Before Thy mercy's burning flame,
Renew the peaceful Age of Gold
 In all who love Thy holy name.
-

271.—HYMN OF NIGHT.

C. M.

- 1 Where Night her burning censer swings
 Before Messiah's face,
She bids us worship, while she sings,
 In Heaven's cathedral space.
- 2 The Spirits of the stars draw near,
 And all that mystic host
Before the Savior's throne appear,
 And in His mercy boast.
- 3 There's not a star, on high that shines,
 Where sin or death has trod.
Heaven like a beauteous bride reclines
 Within the smiles of God.
- 4 Our earth was lost, in Adam's fall,
 But not a world beside ;
And here the Sovereign Lord of all
 To save His people died.

- 5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Be praise and glory given,
While Night with all her starry host
Adores the Lord of Heaven.
-

272.—WATCH.

P. M.

- 1 Watch, while night is slowly dying ;
Watch, while demon foes are flying ;
Lift the heart and bow the knee.
Christ, the judge of earth and Heaven,
Hath the final message given,
“ Watch until My face ye see.”
- 2 Watch ; the stars of night have dwindled,
And the spirit-sunrise kindled
Morning on the mountains dim ;
Fixed, within their own affection,
Waiting death or resurrection,
Spirits hail their doom from Him.
- 3 Hear the Voice, that speaks within thee,
Striving from thy sleep to win thee.
Christ hath spoken, own His sway.
Louder, louder peal the thunders ;
Wider spread the mystic wonders ;
Nations meet their judgment day.

273.—CHRISTIANS MILITANT AND TRIUMPHANT.

C. M.

- 1 The Cherubim and Seraphim
Keep watch, with fiery sword,
And wave their banners over him
Whose heart is in the Lord.
- 2 Though lone, amidst the multitude
Of Satan's host He stand ;
He smiteth down the stormy flood,
With Christ at his right hand.
- 3 He mounts in faith's triumphant car
O'er Nature's flamy scroll ;
He wins the bright and morning star ;
In Christ he finds his goal.
- 4 The burning sword of holy zeal
Flames in his mighty hand ;
He hears Messiah's trumpets peal,
And joins the warlike band.
- 5 Swift as a ray of morning light,—
Such grace divine is given,
He comes with thunderbolts to smite
The demon foes of Heaven.

- 6 And still his generous bosom glows
With love's diffusive flame ;
And all his powers are linked with those
Who own the Savior's name.
-

274.—PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL VICTORIES.

L. M.

- 1 Break forth in praises where ye bow,
Ye children of Messiah now :
He comes to set His people free ;
And captive leads captivity.
- 2 Unfurl the sacred banner wide,
Ye people of the Crucified !
And march to realms of endless day,
While Christ, the Victor, leads the way.
- 3 Before the power of Jesus' name
The midnight bursts to mid-day flame.
Where Jesus comes, the soul to meet,
Our foes are vanquished at His feet.
- 4 His hands the marriage feast have spread,
His love divine our spirits fed,
He opens now the bosom's door,
And saith, " Behold, and weep no more !"

DOXOLOGIES.

275.—L. M.

From all who dwell below the skies
Let God Messiah's praise arise.
Exalt in Him, ye Angel-host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

276.—C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Let praise on earth be given.
In Christ, with all the Angel-host,
We own the Lord of Heaven

277.—7'S AND 6'S M. DOUBLE.

To Father, Son and Spirit
Let boundless praise arise.
With Angels, who inherit
The universal skies,
The lifter of the lowly,
Upon our earth who trod,
We own the High and Holy,
The all in all of God.

278.—7'S M. DOUBLE.

Jesus, who our love inspires,
Jesus, who our sin forgives,
High above celestial choirs
In eternal glory lives.
In the Spirit and the Word,
We, with all the Angels, boast,
Worshiping, in Christ the Lord,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

279.—P. M.

- 1 Angels are praising Thee,
Lord of eternity,
Savior Divine !
Glory and boundless might ;
Wisdom and love and light ;
Majesty Infinite,
Jesus, are Thine.
- 2 Far as the universe,
Nations Thy praise rehearse,
While here we bow.
Come, Thou Almighty Friend !
And, while in prayer we bend,
Into our hearts descend —
Inspire us now.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.*

A.

Above the temple's lifted spire,	32
A brighter age succeeds our own,	237
A greater Eden yet shall rise,	218
Almighty God, the first and last!	14
All my heart is in me yearning,	180
All the stars of night are portals,	183
A maiden came to earth unknown,	199
Angels are praising Thee,	279
Angels are smiling now,	48
Angel tell us of the Word,	38
Angel-youth and Angel-maid,	55
As day by day the selfhood dies,	68
At midnight to a maiden's bed,	91
Awake from the dust where the spoiler hath laid thee,	253

B.

Bathed in the Holy Spirit's wave,	47
Behold, behold, the Bridegroom stands,	53
Before my spirit takes its flight,	221
Beloved of the Angels, our fair one departed,	144
Beneath the Church-yard's grassy mould,	114
Beyond the narrow span,	118
Beyond the winter's drifted snow,	181
Blessed are the dead who die,	117
Bound in the golden span,	112
Bound upon the dying cross,	232
Break forth in praises where ye bow,	274
Break the psychology of hell,	270
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,	21
By night resounds a mystic strain,	164

* The figures refer to the numbers of the Hymns.

C.

Children are gifts of Love Divine,	178
Children are roses in the hand,	197
Clasped in the missal of the day,	59
Cleft by the bitter strokes of pain,	256
Come, praise the Lord, with hearts that rise,	223
Come, ye blessed of the Father,	236
Contend not with thy brother,	209
Crowned with the living flowers of heart delight,	219

D.

Dark is the hour when sinners die,	203
Day of judgment, day of wonders,	230
Death is the fading of a cloud,	95
Deep in the heart Thy hands have laid,	200
Deny thyself if thou wouldst gain,	79
Dust to the dust,	179

E.

Earth shall melt with fervent heat,	29
---	----

F.

Faith and hope and love returning,	241
Faith and use and charity,	134
Fallen is thy throne, O Lucifer !	268
Far away o'er the waters of sorrow,	126
Farewell, farewell, thou setting sun,	96
Flow gently, flow gently, thou river of light,	103
Forget not the loved, they are thinking of thee,	120
Forget the world if thou wouldst be,	174
Folded within the rose of sleep,	142
From all that dwell below the skies,	1
From all who dwell in Heaven above,	149
From all who dwell below the skies,	275
From every cross of conquered pain,	150
From the Heaven of the Rose,	198
Full oft we wake from weary dreams,	63

G.

Glory to God! this advent morn,	3
God of eternal order, Thou	148
Go forth beloved, spake the Lord,	12
Grow leaf, spring seed, the South Wind sings,	137

H.

Hail to the bride, she is haloed in splendor,	52
Hard was the rock of Horeb's mount,	71
Hast thou e'er with quickened sense,	57
He dies! the Great Redeemer dies!	31
He dies! the Great Redeemer dies!	224
Help us, our Father, still to prove,	39
Here shall Christ be all in all,	228
Heaven is the soul that God inspires,	69
Holy and full of love below,	20
Holy Lord! in pure devotion,	9
How beauteous on the mountains now,	204
How glorious on the mountains,	16
How sweet and awful is the place,	225

I.

I am the door, the Savior cried,	231
I think of death, sweet mother mine,	92
I would not live alway, from self let me die,	61
I own my Savior all divine,	189
I heard a Voice by night that said,	133
I saw an Angel crowned so bright,	136
In every human mind we see,	60
In every human soul we find,	105
In every garden stands the cross,	207
In raiment of revolving skies,	113
In trances deep as death,	158
In the garden of beauty the faith blossom grows,	167
In Thy Divine Humanity,	18
In perfect confidence I rest,	211
In vain the name of Christ we bear,	37
If thou hast dried the mourner's tear,	284

If thou wouldst like Jesus be,	64
It bloomed in essence on an Angel-earth,	143
It is a lyre of many strings,	131
It is not always night, the day,	30

J.

Jesus Christ ! Thou only Savior !	248
Jesus comes, but few receive Him,	239
Jesus comes, by saints attended,	226
Jesus our Lord ! when troubles roll,	67
Jesus, who our love inspires,	273

L.

Language was man's first offspring born,	56
Let cheerful songs of pure delight,	235
Life is a wakening into spheres Elysian,	74
Life is the hour that lies between,	75
Like love birds in a jasmine tree,	109
Lord ! feed our hearts with daily bread,	146
Lord Jesus ! come, we wait to see,	244
Lord Jesus ! make Thy coming known,	245
Lord of life, to Heaven ascended,	73
Lord ! Thy Church hath never lost,	201

M.

Martyr blood is on the brow,	267
Mansions of glory, all our thought excelling,	213
My Savior's hand is on my breast,	212

N.

Night prays with rosary of stars,	41
No need is there of shield or sword,	132

O.

O'er fields bedewed with wasting snow,	172
Oft when storms of pain are rolling,	190
Of all the thoughts of God that are,	62

Once Duty came and inly said,	169
One God there is, who reigns alone,	8
O age! thy silver crown,	87
O Christ our Lord! in all mankind,	10
O Christ! Thou art the vine,	13
O heart, sad heart, with woes opprest,	66
O lay thy hand upon my head,	102
O lone is the spirit on life's troubled ocean,	101
O make my soul Thy spirit's shrine,	84
O Psyche, with the golden flame,	100
O they are wrong who fondly dream,	81
O when shall we behold,	196
Our demon foes retire,	171
Out from the sky-spaces,	170

P.

Peace be thine, the Angels greet thee,	5
Pour out thy inmost love like wine,	159
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,	22
Prayer is the heart's desire,	72

Q.

Quench, O Lord! the base desire,	191
--	-----

R.

Religion, like a faithful spouse,	145
River of Eden from the skies,	147
Rich gems of beauty, stars of light excelling,	185
Rocked upon the stormy sea,	259

S.

Say what means this inward pining?	139
Seraphic legions hold the crown,	265
Scorn not the Sisterhood of toil,	210
Sing praises to Jesus on high!	7
Speak gently to the erring mind,	58
Stoop calm o'er the bed where in silence he slumbers,	90
Sweet are the ties that bind in one,	99
Sweet is the hour when Christ unvails,	183
Sweet is the hour when Spirits rise,	89

T.

Take thy brother's heart in thine,	246
Ten thousand times ten thousand saints,	11
The Angels of Freedom are calling,	106
The Angels of the Age of Gold,	44
The brightness of Thy glory,	4
The bee within the blossom sings,	194
The blooming May returns again,	177
The cares of life are ending,	6
The Cherubim and Seraphim,	273
The cross of Christ was thine,	214
The dying thief upon the cross,	242
The heart is like the queenly flower,	153
The Lord is my blessing, my comfort and guide,	36
The Lord is on the billow,	260
The lovely rainbow comes and goes,	82
The love that blissful Angels know,	116
The morning light is passing sweet,	205
The morning bells of Paradise,	42
The new creation comes again,	78
The outward orbs of sight conceal,	85
The outward world is dark and drear,	110
The seasons of the Heavenly Land,	125
The shadow flies, the night is done,	26
The Shepherds watched their flocks by night,	252
The spirit of the humblest child,	76
The spirits of the lost agree,	263
The stars are sparks of burning sand,	77
The stars have lit their golden lights,	40
The Sunrise Angel draws the veil,	43
The Word is like the stars by night,	182
The Word is my pillar by day and by night,	250
The winter of the world is past,	238
The Zephyr in the pine tree sings,	208
There is a glorious Church above,	2
There is a language of the skies,	124
There stands an ear each mortal breast,	19
There's an Angel-dove in the peaceful breast,	104

There's not a sparrow falls,	80
They have found the links of the golden chain,	54
They who the starving poor have fed,	70
This bud of love's conjugal tree,	49
This common earth, by mortals trod,	46
This is the dawn of that auspicious time,	202
This is the marriage feast, and here,	50
Thou art, O Lord ! the life and light,	17
Thou liest low, dear mother,	88
Though spirits oft dissemble,	269
Though roses round the festive bowl,	83
Thrice glorious on the mountains now,	175
Through gateways of angelic birth,	173
Through midnight ages, dark and lone,	45
Through Thee, O Lord ! the midnight veil,	195
Through tribulation's fiery seas,	129
Through tribulation's gloomy deep,	156
Thy Word, O God ! shall sparkle yet,	28
Thy omnipresent life, O God !	130
Till the dust is removed,	1 ^o 2
Time is but a narrow stream,	233
'Tis good for sin to weep,	264
'Tis the Angels' faith,	217
To Christ the Lord we come to-day,	51
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,	276
To Father, Son and Spirit,	277
To states of holy rest,	193
To the Lord in the skies,	27
Type of the faith that cannot die,	215

U.

Unto Thy holy temple, Lord !	25
Upon Judea's midnight plains,	33

W.

Watch, while night is slowly dying,	272
We ask not what our life shall be,	169
We find our vanished friends again,	140
We know thou art not far away,	121

We shall awake, the dust of earth forsaking,	187
We shall be conquerors at last,	184
We wait on God, within His temple kneeling,	206
We yield thee to our Savior's arms,	94
What glory breaks upon mine eyes,	15
What music thrills the inward ear,	108
What rapturous joys are the Angels foretelling?	266
When Christ His presence sheds abroad,	257
When Christ through love and faith descends,	85
When children to Immanuel came,	165
When evening lights its lamps of gold,	155
When faithful Mary, at the cross,	243
When flowers, from incense cups, at morn are pouring,	163
When God descends to mortal men,	128
When in the busy haunts of men,	119
When Jesus comes to call us hence,	255
When living faith the soul inspires,	23
When o'er the languid bosom flows,	86
When rising from their fiery woes,	261
When robed in silver flame the Night,	115
When sickness lays its burning hand,	254
When sorrow on the Spirit feeds,	98
When Spring descends, with lavish hand,	152
When the outward life departed,	24
When the bosom sings,	161
When the dews of rest,	188
When twilight shadows veil the sky,	97
When we to dwell with Jesus rise,	258
Where'er the sacred Word unfolds,	249
Where bloom celestial roses,	122
Where, in their blissful Paradise,	123
Where is thy home, thou Angel bright?	127
Where is the Church of God below?	176
Where Night her burning censer swings,	271
Where the Heaven of the Dove,	186
Where the nightly constellations,	216
Where those who love the Savior meet,	247
While clasped within the Lord's embrace,	262
While mercy pleads, and pity weeps,	240

Who are these in bright array?	227
Who are the mighty? they who dare,	229
Who hath not sought a friend?	157
Who shall stand and meet the day?	222
Why should we shrink or fear to die?	166
Within the heart, with folded wing,	111
Within the pages of the Word,	65
Within the sacred Scriptures shine,	135
Within the Spirit's mystic shrine,	220
With golden trump the morning wakes,	141
With holy joy our songs record,	251
With inner sight our hearts behold,	154
With joy inspired, with beauty drest,	151
With roses crown his baby head,	93
With silver feet the rivers tread,	84
With three-fold arch the glory bow,	162

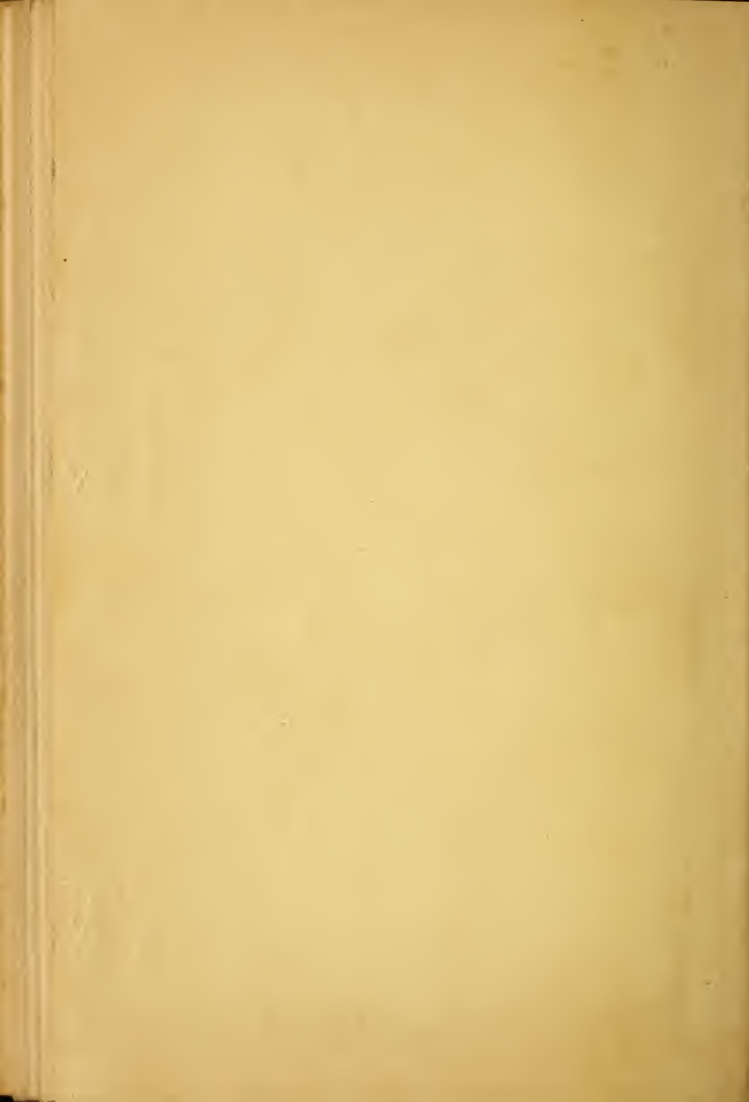
Y.

Ye all are here, ye beautiful!	107
--------------------------------	-----------	-----

Z.

Zoroaster dieth,	160
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P. L. Hunter
Feb 19 1903



Laurence Oliphant, the distinguished writer and traveller who died last month at Twickenham, England, was one of the most versatile of men. He studied for the bar in the University at Edinburgh, but gave up practice to travel in Russia. He then became private secretary to Lord Elgin and was made by him civil secretary and superintendent of Indian affairs. After travelling through the Southern States and joining Walker's Nicaraguan expedition he went with Omer Pacha's army as a correspondent in the campaign of 1856. Then he was chargé d'affaires at Pekin. Returning to England he resigned from Parliament in order to join a spiritualistic society called "The Brotherhood of the New Life," at Portland, Chautauqua county, N. Y. To this community he was attracted by the founder, Mr. Harris, a poet and preacher and a man of magnetic power whose philosophy was based on that of Swedenborg. Mr. Oliphant, with his wife, his mother, Lady Oliphant, and her former lady's maid lived here for some time on terms of equality with every member of the community. After working as a day laborer and a common domestic among the brothers, he in 1873 became manager of a cable company, holding this position for two years and leaving to go to England for the purpose of planting Hebrew societies in Palestine. Most of his time during the past ten years was spent in Palestine. He was a frequent contributor to current literature and has written several books which have been widely read, the best known being "The Land of Gilead," "Episodes in a Life of Adventure, or Moss from a Rolling Stone," "Traits and Travesties," "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy," "Altiora Peto" and "Piccadilly." Mr. Oliphant's last visit to New York was in June of the past year, at which time he was just bringing out his new book, "Scientific Religion," in which are set forth his views on "the higher possibilities of life." He was, notwithstanding some peculiarities, a man of rare culture, amiability and purity of thought.

